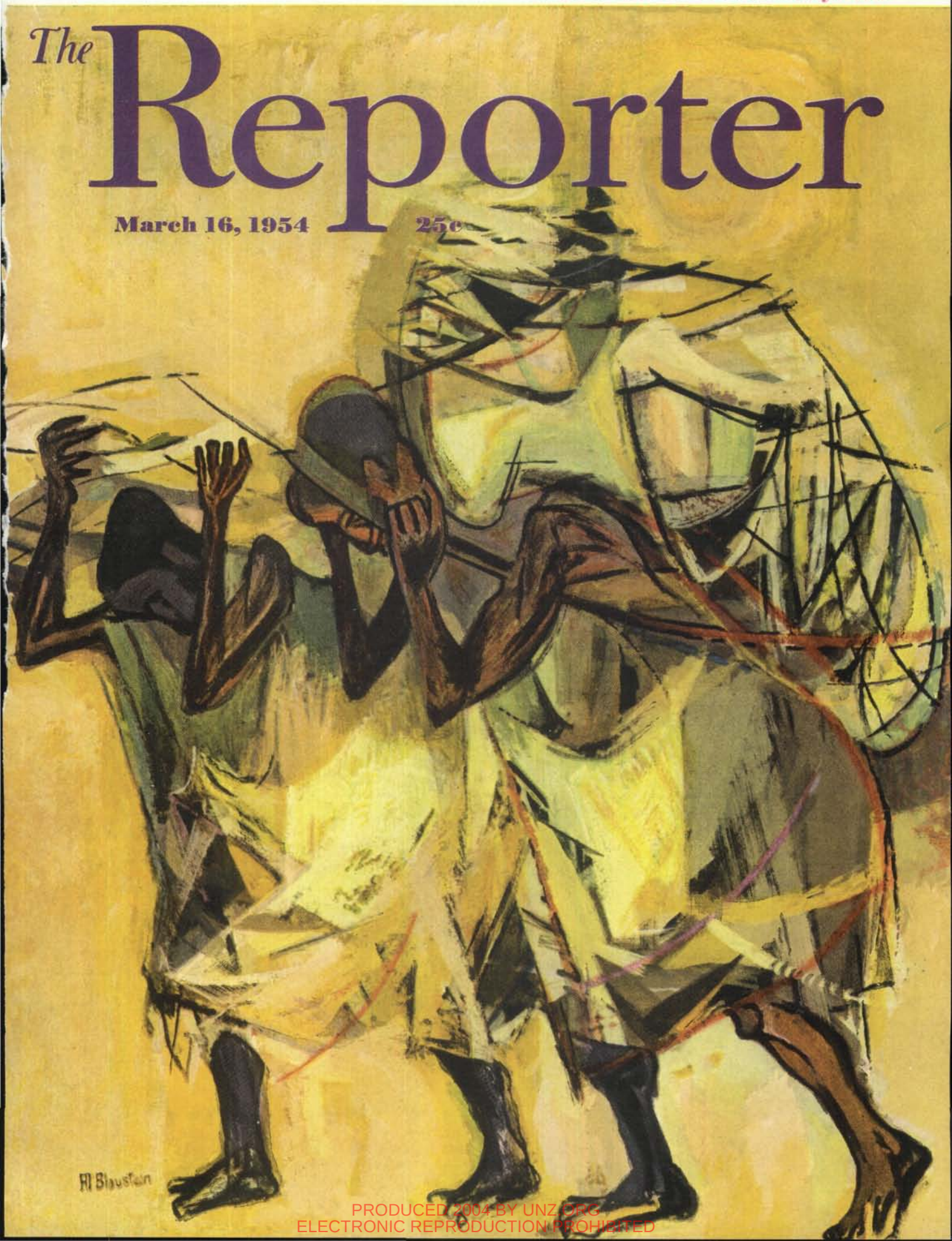
From Kenya to Berlin

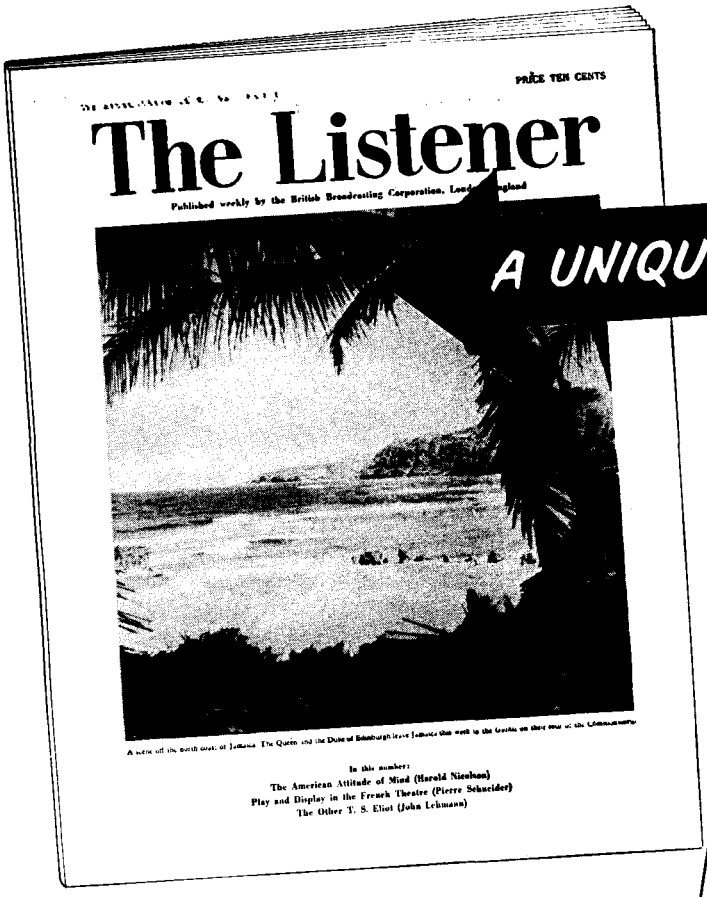
The Trial of Jomo Kenyatta

The **Reporter**

March 16, 1954 25c



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


PRICE TEN CENTS
The Listener
Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England
In this number:
The American Attitude of Mind (Harold Nicolson)
Play and Display in the French Theatre (Pierre Schneider)
The Other T. S. Eliot (John Lehmann)

A UNIQUE PUBLICATION

The Listener—the weekly literary journal of the British Broadcasting Corporation—is truly in the select class of unique publications. Week by week, unfettered by political bias, it reproduces the best of the talks—broadcast by the BBC to millions of listeners—by leading authorities on world affairs, art, science, literature, music, philosophy, and other major topics. For your leisured reading you will find no better companion than The Listener. New books are regularly reviewed in its columns and each season a special book number is produced which is included in your subscription.

New verse by eminent poets, and a weekly digest of world opinion on current affairs, are among other regular features of The Listener.

Here indeed for *you* is a personal investment in good reading.

USE THIS COUPON NOW

Recent contributors have included

The Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.
J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER
SIR HAROLD NICOLSON
PROFESSOR A. L. GOODHART
BERTRAND RUSSELL
LORD TWEEDSMUIR
GILBERT MURRAY
SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE
T. S. ELIOT
SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Every week for 52 weeks
THE LISTENER will bring you unbiased news and views on world affairs
for only $5.00
There are special rates for 2 years ($8.50) or three years ($11.50)

To: BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC.,
30 East 60th Street, New York, 22, N.Y.

Please register my subscription to THE LISTENER *immediately for* ☐ *1 year $5.00* ☐ *2 years $8.50* ☐ *3 years $11.50. I enclose* .....

Name..... Address.....

..... City..... State.....

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take ANY 3 books of HISTORY and WORLD AFFAIRS FOR ONLY $4.50 WITH MEMBERSHIP

values up to $20.50

An Amazing Demonstration Offer From The History Book Club!

THE distinguished volumes shown below sell for up to $7.50 each in the publishers' editions. But you may choose ANY THREE for a *total* of only $4.50 if you join the History Book Club now.

This amazingly generous *demonstration offer* is made to prove how much you will enjoy the RICH VARIETY of important new books of history and world affairs you can get at *cash savings* through the History Book Club.

As a member, you take only the books you want, and you save real money on them. (Last year, members saved an average of $3.28 on each selection, including value of bonus books.)

Every selection is described to you in advance in a careful and objective review. You then decide whether you want the book at the special member's price. If you don't, you merely return a form (always provided) and it will not be sent. You may take as few as four books a year, and resign any time after accepting four such books.

You receive a valuable Bonus Book at no extra charge, each time you purchase four selections. In addition to current selections, a large number of other important books are *always available to you* at special money-saving prices.

Choose any THREE books shown below for only $4.50. Mail your coupon today.

Which 3 do you want for only $4.50 with membership?

MAIL ENTIRE COUPON TO:

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, INC., Dept. R-3, 45 W. 57th St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.

Send me at once the THREE titles I have checked below, two as my enrollment gifts and one as my first selection, and bill me only $4.50 plus a few cents for postage and packing. Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a vauable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE: If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.**

CHECK YOUR 3 BOOKS HERE:

☐ **THE ARAB WORLD: Past, Present, and Future.** *By Nejla Izzeddin.* Unusual "inside picture" of today's seething Arab world, struggling to recover its lost unity. Illustrated. *List price: $6.50.*

☐ **THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES.** Behind-the-scene record of the Roosevelt administration. Crowded with frank word-portraits—ranging from Hopkins to MacArthur! *List price: $6.00.*

☐ **HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF.** *By Walter Goerlitz.* The most feared and respected military geniuses of all times—their personalities, triumphs and fatal miscalculations. *List price: $7.50.*

☐ **FROM LENIN TO MALENKOV: The History of World Communism.** *By Hugh Seton-Watson.* Masterful history of Communist power—and the ruthless men who built it, and control it now. *List price: $6.00.*

☐ **A HISTORY OF FRANCE.** *By Lucien Romier.* Exciting panorama of Kings, Emperors, poets, courtesans, revolutionaries and statesmen! Maps and pictures. *List price: $6.50.*

☐ **THE JOURNALS OF LEWIS AND CLARK.** *Edited by Bernard DeVoto.* Breathtaking personal account of the search for the Northwest Passage. Many picture maps. *List price: $6.50.*

☐ **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** *By Benjamin Thomas.* Hailed by reviewers and by Lincoln experts as the "best one-volume life of Lincoln" in recent times! Illustrated. *List price: $5.75.*

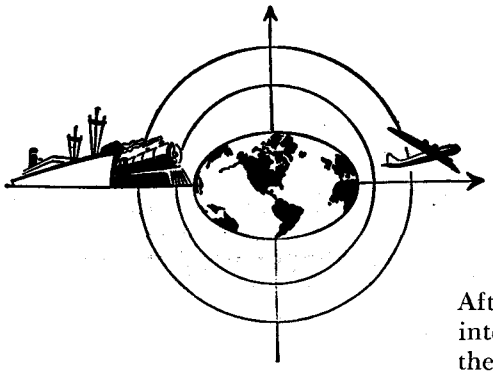
☐ **THE CHINA TANGLE.** *By Herbert Feis.* Brilliant, impartial study of America's controversial China policy from Pearl Harbor to 1946, with new facts on the Stilwell dispute, Chiang Kai-shek, Soviet-American relations. *List price: $6.00.*

Name (PLEASE PRINT).....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....R-3

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Inter-American Binge

And here we go again. A chill runs down our spine every time a hemispheric rally unleashes the flowery eloquence of inter-American solidarity. Then we know that we are going to hear a lot about the example set to this warring world by the twenty-one sovereign American states, by the community of interests, of faith, of aspirations that forever binds our country to its twenty sister republics. Actually, the only close relative we have in this hemisphere is Canada, which owes its allegiance to the Queen and never attends Pan-American shindigs. The trouble began when the hemisphere discovered by Columbus was named after Amerigo Vespucci. If each of the two Italian navigators had been given his share of this oversized land mass, now probably we would not have a new inter-American conference in Caracas—a conference which could not be held at a wronger spot, at a wronger time, with a wronger agenda.

OF COURSE we have some friends in the Latin-American republics, just as we have friends everywhere in the world. The friends we have south of the Rio Grande are to be particularly trusted when they do not belong to the category of the full-time, professional good neighbors of the United States. But even friendship cannot prevent them, as well as the rest of their countrymen, from having rather keen and sometimes bitter memories. Anybody in Latin America with any sense knows quite well that whenever our hearts get inflamed by intercontinental brotherhood, we have some big trouble outside the continent. Last time, it was Nazism. After the Nazi danger was past, our inter-Americanism cooled off. Now the trouble is Communism.

Mutual defense against Communism will, in fact, be the main topic of the Caracas conference. It will mostly revolve around the Guatemalan situation. Unfortunately, there is not only Communism in Latin America but also fascism—just as there are several old-fashioned pre-fascist and pre-Communist tyrannies. Certainly there is fascism in Argentina, a country so advanced that its democratic institutions, such as schools and trade unions, can be used by the dictator for anti-democratic purposes. And certainly there is a brutal form of police state ruling Venezuela from its capital city of Caracas, where the conference will be held.

Communists and fascists are rather friendly with each other these days. So it may be expected that at Caracas the Perón Government will give us lessons in liberalism and tolerance toward a neighboring nation that shows Communist inclinations. Some Peronista orator may even shout in the faces of our delegates that there is no room for international McCarthyism on the free soil of the Latin-American republics. It is not difficult to foresee that our Government will be humiliated by the fascists and labeled fascist by the Communists.

Our tired Secretary of State will have to listen to so many eloquent speeches that sometimes he may find himself nostalgic for dear old Vlashy Molotov. Incidentally, since the whole thing is going to be—at best—a waste of time, couldn't Mr. Dulles, exhausted as he must be by the good work he has done at the Berlin conference, cruise leisurely in the Caribbean rather than suffer in Caracas?

OLD PROVERB

The Cathedral Choir School in New York was forced to discontinue corporal punishment of students after protests from parents.—News item

Spare the rod and spoil the child,
Kids are better running wild.
If you paddle their behinds
It might warp their little minds.
If G.I.s provoke a riot
For a dame, let none decry it.
Vandals, if they wreck a city,
Do not merit fines but pity.
Junior Senators who flout
High Command are not put out.
Discipline of boy or man
Is strictly un-American:
We are proud of being free
To dodge responsibility.

—SEC

Let George Do It

In an editorial about power policy last January, *Barron's* said: "The greatest achievements of the Eisenhower Administration, like those of any conservative government, are less likely to be found in what it does than in what it does not do."

From this viewpoint the achievements of the Administration in the field of power are great indeed. The Administration doesn't build transmission lines to market Federal power. It doesn't expand rural electrification co-operatives. It lets small private dams be substituted for big public dams. It doesn't ask for enough appropriations to keep the power supply in step with the economy.

The Administration power policy seems to be: Let George do it. "George" is the private utilities, the cities, and the states. If the job of keeping our power supply ahead of demand is too big for them, America can just stop growing so fast.

Congress took a generation, from

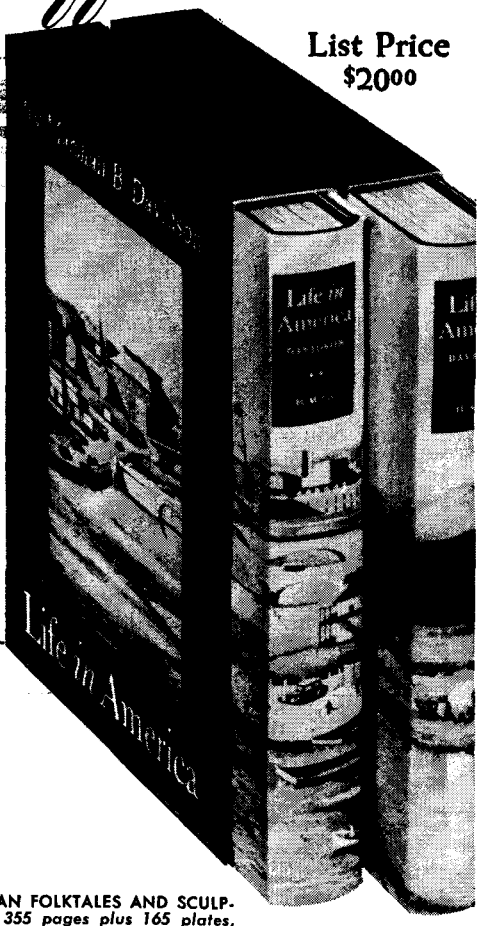
Postmaster: Please send notice on Form 3578 and returned copies under label Form 3579 to Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc., 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. THE REPORTER, March 16, 1954, Volume 10 No. 6. Entered as second-class matter at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Tuesday, except for omission of two summer issues, by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc., Washington & South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Editorial & business offices, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Copyright 1954 by Fortnightly Publishing Company, Inc. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*.

REPRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Remarkable Offer . . .

Yours as a FREE Gift for joining

List Price $20.00

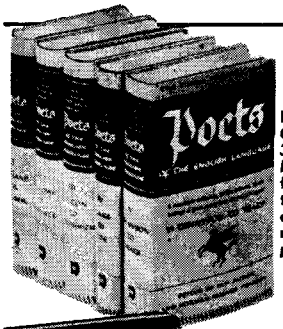


LIFE IN AMERICA, in two beautiful boxed volumes, published in association with the Metropolitan Museum of Art and written by Marshall B. Davidson, was more than six years in writing and more than three years in design and production. It has more than 250,000 words, and its 1200 illustrations comprise a glorious gallery of American woodcuts, paintings, lithographs, etchings and drawings. This handsome set, which has been a very great event in publishing history, the greatest word and picture record of American life ever published, sells for $20.00—yet you can receive it FREE as a gift for joining the Seven Arts Book Society.

Beautiful BOOKS IN PAINTING, MUSIC, THEATRE, ARCHITECTURE, POETRY, DANCE, SCULPTURE . . . *at Substantial Savings!*

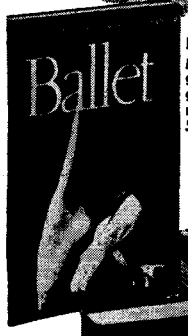
The Seven Arts Book Society is an organization devoted to selecting the most beautiful and authoritative books in the arts at substantial savings for its members. The volumes pictured and listed on this page—at the special membership prices—are just a small sampling of the many titles made available each year. And a member need take only 4 books—books of his own choice—during the course of a year.

Take advantage of this remarkable offer by filling out the coupon below—*now*.

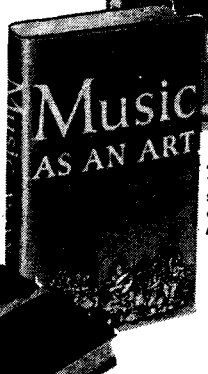


POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. *5 volumes, more than 3200 pages.* The whole range of *both* British and American poetry, from Middle English to Modern times—"the best and *most useful* anthology of English poetry ever made." *List price $12.50, Members' price $8.00.*

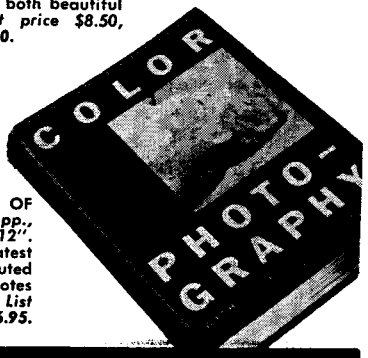
AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE. *355 pages plus 165 plates, 9¼" x 12¼".* Published for the Bollingen Foundation, this lavishly produced volume is both beautiful and scholarly. *List price $8.50, Members' price $7.00.*



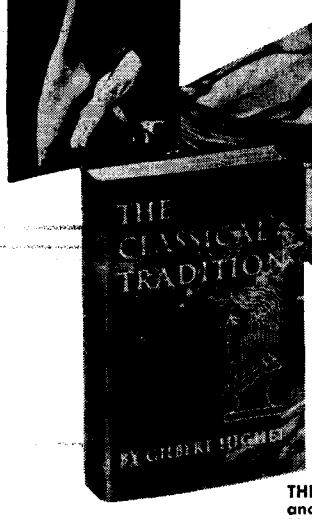
BALLET. *110 pp. plus 101 full-page plates.* Seymour's masterful photographs recapture the rhythm and grace of famous dancers in their most glorious roles. *List price $10.00, Members' price $5.50.*



MUSIC AS AN ART. *344 pages.* A vivid and lucid contribution to musical understanding, for layman and musician alike. *List price $6.50, Members' price $5.00.*

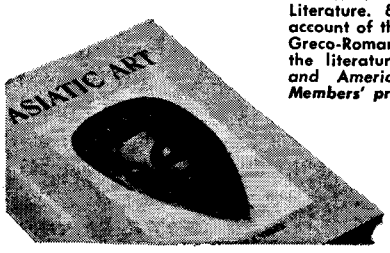


THE ART AND TECHNIQUE OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY. *225 pp., 195 full-color plates, 10" x 12".* Seventeen of the world's greatest camera artists have contributed their finest color plates and notes on their respective techniques. *List price $10.00, Members' price $6.95.*



MICHELANGELO, Paintings, Sculptures, Architecture. *228 pp., 300 plates, 9" x 12".* This lovely Phaidon art book is the only *complete* edition of Michelangelo's paintings, sculptures and architecture. *List price $8.50, Members' price $6.95.*

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION, Greek and Roman Influences on Western Literature. *800 pages.* A brilliant account of the chief ways in which Greco-Roman tradition has shaped the literatures of modern Europe *and America. List price $7.50, Members' price $5.00.*



ASIATIC ART. A remarkable gallery of art masterpieces and a fascinating reference text on the entire field of Asiatic Art. The reproductions are a triumph of engraving and printing. *List price $30.00, Members' price $14.95.*

Your name and address in the coupon below will enroll you as a member

The Seven Arts Book Society, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member. I will accept a minimum of 4 books a year, which I may choose from the Society's illustrated brochure sent to me each month. I may cancel my membership at any time after taking 4 books. Send me the 2-volume **LIFE IN AMERICA** (list price $20.00) free, and the first selection checked below at the Special Membership Price indicated (plus 24c postage and handling).

	List Price	MEMBERS' PRICE
☐ AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE	$ 8.50	$ 7.00
☐ MUSIC AS AN ART	6.50	5.00
☐ MICHELANGELO	8.50	6.95
☐ BALLET	10.00	5.50
☐ COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY	10.00	6.95
☐ ASIATIC ART	30.00	14.95
☐ THE CLASSICAL TRADITION	7.50	5.00
☐ POETS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE	12.50	8.00
☐ WOODCUTS OF ARISTIDE MAILLOL	18.00	5.75
☐ AMERICAN BUILDING	5.00	3.00
☐ THE THEATRE	8.50	6.00

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State..... R-A-54

SEVEN ARTS BOOK SOCIETY

REPRODUCED 2004 BY UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE IDES OF MARCH—1954

Examine the feeding and the flight of birds,
Listen for thunder, look for unusual skies,
Assemble all omens, placate all the gods,
For this is the dangerous season of the year.

If the eagle flies from the east, watch for these things:
An idleness among men, in sullen groups,
The smoke vanishing from the chimneys, and like low thunder
A common anger rumbling.

If the eagle flies from the west, the smoke will billow,
The men stream to their work, the markets spill
With the treasure of loom and foundry. But if the fowl
Listlessly peck at their food, watch for these things:
A falling out among friends; alliances
Torn by the bitter and fearful to bleeding hopes
And bones of contention littering council floors,
While the vultures wheel. . . .
If the eagle dives, watch for the stain of suspicion
Fouling the brilliant waters of this land.

If the chickens are avid, look to the lifting cloud
And the unison of the good. Watch for brave men
Willing to call out evil among their own
At the risk of ruin.

The sap is beginning to rise but the wind is cold—
Examine all portents, please the disgruntled gods,
For this is the dangerous season of the year.

—SEC

Muscle Shoals to Hell's Canyon, to hammer out the power policy that is now being reversed. The Federal government was in the power business because it was building big multiple-purpose dams on the Tennessee, the Missouri, the Columbia, and many another river. Congress decided:

¶To use Federal power as a "yardstick" for private competition so that the consumer would benefit.

¶To give public bodies like cities and co-operatives a first crack at buying Federal power.

¶To build power plants *ahead* of the demand for power—betting on the economic growth of America.

These policies worked. America grew faster than ever before—because more and cheaper horsepower was placed behind each worker. Now the power experts' dreams of an infinitely flexible and expandable output can be brought to life by atomic energy, which doesn't depend on a waterfall in a river valley but on a raw material of tiny bulk, packed with a fabulous multiple of releasable energy, that will be able to supply power anywhere in the nation.

To prepare for this coming era, the Atomic Energy Act is to be amended. The President's February 17 message asks Congress to let private companies build, own, and run nuclear reactors, and to let them sell the atomic products they make. But the President's message ignores the principles that have made possible the gigantic power expansion of the last generation. The Administration, by letting George do it, is already tampering with our rate of future economic growth. Will the *Barron's* principle of Federal inaction be applied also to developing atomic energy for peaceful usés?

A Stacked Deck

Haroldson Lafayette Hunt of Dallas, Texas, came to New York recently and held a press conference to give his side of the partisan controversy that has developed concerning his supposedly nonpartisan organization, Facts Forum, which we discussed in our February 16 issue. We weren't invited. But we read about it in the papers.

According to the *Times,* "He denied he or Facts Forum was pro-Fascist, anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic, anti-Negro or anti-labor."

"There is a regular pattern in these charges," Mr. Hunt declared, himself following a pattern that has become a ritual. "In the Communist *Daily Worker* the motive is obvious for calling us Fascists. In responsible publications I do not think it is due to a deliberate smear, but rather to failure to listen to our programs and understand what we are doing." We were subsequently puzzled to find in the *Herald Tribune* Mr. Hunt's own hedge that ". . . he does not hear most of the programs or read the scripts afterward."

We looked in vain for more information about the conference in the other New York dailies. There was nothing at all in the *Daily News,* the *Mirror,* the *World-Telegram & Sun,* or the *Journal-American.*

Someone who was there has given his personal account. "Look, you ask a guy if he's pro-fascist, and he looks right back at you with his big blue eyes and says, 'No, I am not pro-fascist,' so what kind of a story is that? Besides, there was nobody there who knew enough about the outfit to even ask any sort of an intelligent question."

In other words, the meeting was nonpartisan and both sides were given ample opportunity to present their cases.

A Dangerous Age

After Clarence Manion was asked to resign as chairman of the Commission on Inter-Governmental Relations, presumably for reasons having to do with his public support of the Bricker amendment, two Senators came quickly to his defense.

Senator Bricker of Ohio: "When the time comes when those who do not believe alike with the leadership of the Government in power cannot continue to serve in official capacities there is a serious storm brewing ahead."

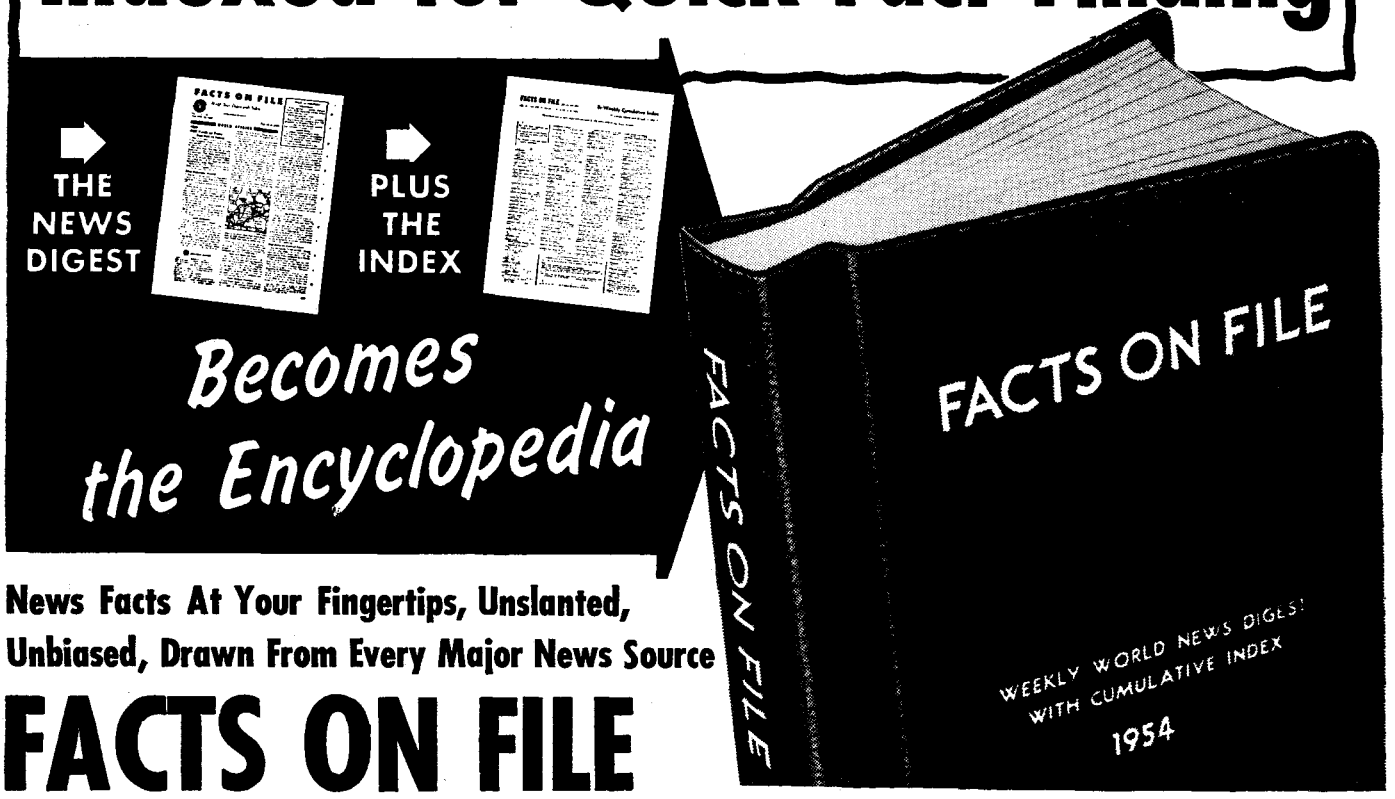
Senator Jenner of Indiana: "If this man is to be made to walk the plank because he has certain fundamental things he believes in we are living in a dangerous age."

We are indeed, and isn't it curious how many of us wait until the danger strikes pretty close to home before we start speaking up for the right of dissent in a free society?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY WAY TO GET

All World News Every Week — Indexed for Quick Fact-Finding



News Facts At Your Fingertips, Unslanted, Unbiased, Drawn From Every Major News Source

FACTS ON FILE

Now—throw away all those news clippings, newspapers, magazines and messy files right in the waste basket! Now—let FACTS ON FILE cover the *current* news for you, pin-point *past* news facts for you in seconds! Used and proven priceless by thousands of individuals, companies, newspapers, radio networks, businesses everywhere in the world!

"Unique" — "Indispensable" -- "A Lifesaver"

Each week FACTS ON FILE's veteran newsmen digest and index the vital news of the world from 4,004 newspapers, hundreds of magazines, press releases and out-of-the-way news sources. Every Friday night the NEWS DIGEST is mailed to you with all the news of the past seven days—eight 8½" x 11" pages containing 1,100,000 words expertly reduced to 10,000. Then, every two weeks you receive the INDEX, containing every name, date, fact and quotation indexed and cross-indexed . . . material that grows into a complete file of year's news on every subject indexed for instant reference.

An Amazing Special FOF Offer

Prove what FACTS ON FILE can mean to you by mailing the coupon. You get *complete service through June* 30, 1954, plus back copies from January 1, 1954, plus a Deluxe spring binder (total value $27.50) for just $6.00! And—if at the end of your trial subscription you are not fully satisfied, we will refund your $6.00. But—we cannot hold this offer open indefinitely, so we urge you to mail the coupon today!

REPRESENTATIVE FOF SUBSCRIBERS

Standard Oil Co.
DuPont
I.B.M.
Western Union
Drew Pearson
Army, Navy, Air Force
The Hindu, Madras, India
Young & Rubicam
AP, UP, INS, INP
Time, Life, Fortune
NBC, CBS, MBS, ABC
Yale
Harvard
United Nations Library

THE FAMOUS FOF ADVISORY BOARD

Prof. A. J. BARNOUW *Letters*
Dr. E. C. BRENNER *Medical Science*
Prof. F. W. COKER *Political Science*
Prof. J. Anton DE HAAS *Economics*
David DIETZ, *Science*
Prof. H. D. GIDEONSE *Education*
John GUNTHER *History*
H. V. KALTENBORN *News Analysis*
William L. SHIRER *World Affairs*
Dr. Frank H. SOMMER *Law*
Prof. F. TANNENBAUM *Latin America*
Dr. C. C. WILLIAMSON *Library Service*

FACTS ON FILE, Dept. 85-3
516 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me the complete FOF service (News Digests, Cumulative Indexes and Binder) through June 30, 1954, plus back copies from January 1, 1954, for the special price of just $6.00. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied at the end of the trial I may return the material for a full refund.

Name .....

Address .....

City, Zone, State .....

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Please bill me

THIS OFFER VALID FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Helmut Gollwitzer

UNWILLING JOURNEY

A best seller in England, spectacular sales in Germany—

"Presents the most careful analysis of the effects of Communist ideology and Russian practice on the human mind and spirit which is available to us." —The British Weekly.

At all book stores **$3.50**

MUHLENBERG PRESS

Philadelphia

NOW YOU CAN INTRODUCE YOUR FRIENDS TO THE REPORTER — FREE!

When you read a book you particularly enjoy, or see an especially fine movie or play, or discover an excellent new restaurant, don't you look forward to telling your friends about it—and doesn't it fill you with satisfaction when their response turns out to be as enthusiastic as your own?

Why not do this with THE REPORTER too? You'll not only win your friends' gratitude—you'll also enjoy the added pleasure that comes from discussing THE REPORTER's thought-provoking articles with them.

If you will just send us the names and addresses of friends you believe might enjoy THE REPORTER, we will send each of them a complimentary copy of this issue. The sooner you send us their names, the earlier they will become acquainted with THE REPORTER.

CORRESPONDENCE

DOWN ON THE FARM

To the Editor: As the wife of a cattle and sheep man long in the business, I am quite concerned with the attitude of the public in general and some of our politicians in particular toward the farmers and ranchers of the country—particularly a sort of jealousy over the fact that they have made money over the past several years. Now there seems to be a feeling that something should be done about this—that as soon as someone gets on Easy Street, things should be changed.

Newspaper reports of the recent National Cattlemen's Association convention in Colorado Springs were accompanied by pictures of fashionably dressed cattlemen's wives attending functions of the Cowbelles organization at the Broadmoor, breakfast at the Alamo, entertainment at the Little Theater. All this made me think of farm and ranch wives of thirty or even twenty years ago, and of how far we have come in creating a better life for those living in the country.

What isn't mentioned in newspaper reports is that most of this happier living for ranch women, and men too, was made possible by such things as REA, TVA, price supports, and the badly used term "creeping socialism." In other words, applying Christian principles to helping our fellow man. This brought its reward economically by giving the rancher higher earning power. Perhaps he doesn't buy his food at the supermarket, but he is probably the biggest buyer of deep freezes in the country. The "hired man" (who probably has a farm of his own now) and the seasonal help are now superseded to a great extent by machinery, bought from the nearest dealer. Madame Cowbelle does her own work now, just as she did thirty years ago, but she is aided by electrical equipment and modern plumbing. So she is free to join her husband at cattlemen's meetings, working side by side in an auxiliary group on problems affecting them both. She wears smart clothes because, as with every woman, pride in her personal appearance is of primary consideration. In an atmosphere freed from menial cares, her mind can concentrate on problems affecting not only her own business but also world-wide problems from which there is no longer an escape. Thereby she becomes an alert, interesting, attractive woman.

No wonder our city cousins like to visit us! Large, roomy homes with friendly fireplaces and every modern convenience offer an apparently free and easy life. No time clocks to watch (except on milking machines), no deadlines to meet (calves don't arrive by deadlines), no train or bus to catch to work (breakfast at six, dinner at twelve, super at six), no nerve-racking noises (that is true). For the lack of these things we enjoy blessed quiet at night and the wonderful feeling in the morning that we will see the sun come up over our own acres, that the children will come home from school to do character-building chores, to ride horseback with their dad, or just to free their exuberant spirits in the out of doors; and in the evening, television or a romping time around the open fire.

For all this the present Administration would give us a "return to normalcy." An exchange of working and workable power projects for the "power" of "big business" would indirectly or directly cause a depression of farm prices, which the Administration would expect us to like.

MARY G. WOODARD
Saguache, Colorado

ARMA VIRUMQUE

To the Editor: David F. Cavers' suggestion ("The Armaments Race Can Be Stopped," *The Reporter,* January 19) that, as a preliminary step toward disarmament, there should be a standstill agreement as to all national armaments seems to me to have merit.

President Eisenhower's recent proposal for a peaceful international "bank" of the new materials of destruction should not be minimized because of the obvious point that such a bank would not of itself have much effect upon the arms race so long as the piling up of nuclear and other weapons continues. Notwithstanding this, the President's proposal may have psychological and symbolic value. In the present sterile deadlock, the importance of almost any new approach that contains even a possibility of East-West co-operation ought not to be disparaged.

What is now needed, most of all, is a fresh start; and here is where Mr. Cavers' suggestion comes in. Supplementing the President's proposal, the idea of a standstill agreement could be distinctly helpful in generating a new approach toward the complete disarmament that the world must have.

GRENVILLE CLARK
Dublin, New Hampshire

To the Editor: Edward L. Katzenbach, Jr.'s, article "The Diplomatic Cost of Military Penny Pinching" in your issue of February 2 is indeed thought-provoking. To be specific, it provokes the following thoughts, among others:

1. Mr. Katzenbach speaks of a budget "adjusted not to what the enemy can do but rather to what the Administration thinks the country ought to spend." This is a simple statement of an either-or proposition that in fact never exists in this form. Every Administration of whatever political complexion must in effect attempt to balance *both* factors, and the agonizing truth of the American situation in the postwar world is that the two cannot be balanced. We cannot prepare for everything the enemy can do anywhere and at the same time spend only what this country can afford.

2. This leads to the second thought. Mr.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Katzenbach would have us prepare to put out "brush fires" if they should occur. They not only can occur; they are now going on in such places as Indo-China and Malaya, and the United States is trying to aid our Allies in putting them out. What more would Mr. Katzenbach have us do that our Allies would be prepared to accept? Send troops? The proposition that such a move would not be effective, would not be welcomed by our Allies, and would seriously weaken our military strength appears to me irrefutable.

3. And he doesn't stop with his argument that American military policy is now isolationism in the old guise; he states that our Allies in Europe so consider it. And whom does he cite as authority? Why, the French paper *Le Monde*, which Mr. Katzenbach himself correctly calls neutralist. I assure Mr. Katzenbach (but he already knows this, even though he won't admit it) that *Le Monde*, like a few other English and European journals, would find fault with whatever the United States did. If we withdraw troops, that is isolationism; if we put more into Europe, that is imperialism. It might be unfriendly of me to say it, but the United States cannot tailor its policy solely on what our Allies will say, particularly that segment of our Allies that reads *Le Monde*.

EDGAR S. FURNISS, JR.
Princeton, New Jersey

TV AESTHETICS

To the Editor: As a student and teacher of the creative literary arts I offer disagreements with statements made in the article "TV and the Dramatist" by Marya Mannes in your issue for February 2. Her enthusiasm for the new dramatic medium is understandable but it is not very enlightening to claim that the chief shortcomings of television are merits.

Your author propounds the theory that a writer can "pack as much into twenty minutes of television as he can into forty of theater." If this were true a one-act play would create as strong an effect as a three-act play, which it doesn't. If this were a sound theory, a ten-minute show would be as powerful as a twenty-minute one, which it isn't. Brevity is a blessing enjoyed by the producer, not the writers; it enables the former to sell more time and clips the wings of the latter.

As to space: your author says that power of impact is in direct ratio to exigency of space. If this were true, the screen would do well to display only the lips of speakers. The sound principle here is that any narrative is most effective when it has the space necessary to create the effect intended.

No writer of any ability is going to rejoice over the limitations of time and space imposed upon him by television; he will groan over them as does the writer for the stage. If he is wise he will choose subjects appropriate to the medium. If he does this and fails, his failure will have nothing to do with the medium and everything to do with his literary skill.

As for television being most suitable for poetic, delicate works of the imagination —well, the history of television to date would indicate that the opposite of this is the real truth.

THOMAS H. UZZELL
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Miss Mannes replies:

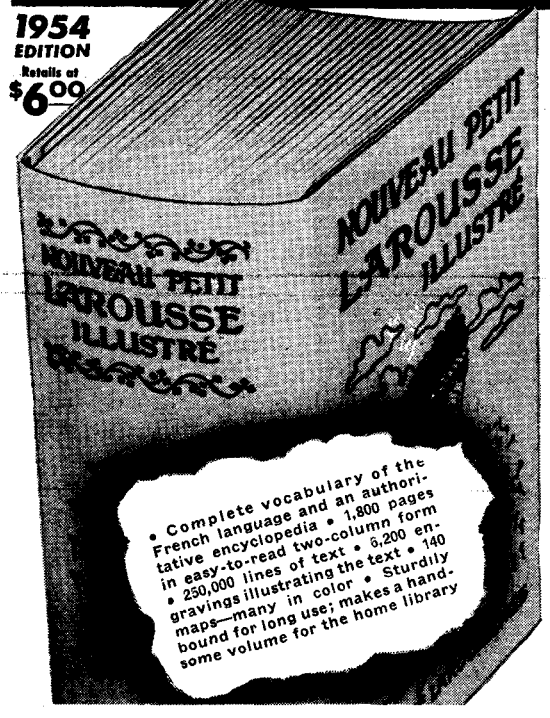
The main disagreements between Mr. Uzzell and myself are those of definition. Mr. Uzzell interprets "limitations" as "shortcomings" whereas I view them—in any medium—as spurs to the creative imagination. Certainly every writer groans at them: It is hard to squeeze any idea into a required shape, whether it be a thousand words in print or two hours on the stage. Mr. Uzzell merely confirms my argument when he says "If he [the writer] is wise he will choose subjects appropriate to the medium." In other words, he will not try to compress a three-act idea into twenty minutes of TV but will conceive an idea capable of development in that time.

Also—and here is definition again—space and time are surely relative and in no way measures of creative power. A tiny Vermeer is no less important than a huge Tintoretto, and "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is as valuable as, say, *Don Quixote*.

The contention of the article in question was that TV—cramped as it now might seem—can be as great a channel for the communication of creative imagination as any of the older media, if those who write for it realize that its special qualities of intimacy and directness can stretch a minute far beyond its arbitrary measurement in time.

"NOUVEAU PETIT LAROUSSE ILLUSTRÉ"

THE DEFINITIVE FRENCH DICTIONARY and ENCYCLOPEDIA


1954
EDITION
Retails at
$6.00
NOUVEAU PETIT LAROUSSE ILLUSTRÉ
NOUVEAU PETIT LAROUSSE ILLUSTRÉ
• Complete vocabulary of the French language and an authoritative encyclopedia • 1,800 pages in easy-to-read two-column form • 250,000 lines of text • 6,200 engravings illustrating the text • 140 maps—many in color • Sturdily bound for long use; makes a handsome volume for the home library

YES, you may have your copy of the 1954 edition of the "Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustré" for just $1.00 with membership in the French Book Guild. Then, like thousands of other members of this widely-known book club, you will enjoy the newest, most talked-about French best-sellers while they are *brand-new* . . . and get them delivered right to your door by the postman for less than bookstore prices!

MEMBERSHIP IS FREE. It costs nothing to join and there are no dues or fees. Each month the Club offers *one* book carefully selected from among the many hundreds submitted to our Editors in advance of publication. Members choose the books they want by reading the descriptive brochure mailed every month, and pay just $1.96 each (plus 24¢ postage) instead of the retail prices of $2.50 to $3.50 each. Members also receive a handsome "Bonus Book" with each four selections they accept from the Guild.

JOIN THE CLUB TODAY! Mailing the coupon will bring you your copy of the "Nouveau Petit Larousse Illustré" for only $1.00, plus your choice of TWO of the new French best-sellers shown as your *first selection* for only $1.96. You may continue membership for as long as you wish, or you may cancel after accepting only *three more* selections. However, this remarkable introductory offer cannot be held open much longer . . . so mail the coupon—without money *today!*

Yours for only $1.00
WITH MEMBERSHIP IN THE FRENCH BOOK GUILD

CHOOSE TWO OF THESE NEW FRENCH BEST-SELLERS AS YOUR FIRST SELECTION.

LA PIERRE ANGULAIRE by Zoe Oldenbourg. (2 vols.) Prix Fémina 1953. Magnificant historical epic.

LE FER DE DIEU by Rene Hardy. Adventure tale of Indo-China war.

SOUVENIRS by Claude Farrére (Académie Française). Here's Paris at turn of century!

JEAN LE BASQUE by Joseph Peyre. Tale of a Basque in Nevada.

LA CHASSE ROYALE by Pierre Moinot. Prix Ste.-Beuve 1953. Tale of strange hunting.

THE FRENCH BOOK GUILD, Dept. R3
119 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Enroll me in the French Book Guild; send me my 1954 Petit Larousse and the TWO books checked as my first selection and bill me $2.96 plus postage ($1.00 for the Larousse, $1.96 for my first selection). I agree to accept a minimum of three more selections during the coming year at only $1.96 each plus 24¢ postage—and I am to receive a valuable "Bonus Book" with each four selections I accept.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

☐ LA PIERRE ANGULAIRE (2 vols.)
☐ LE FER DE DIEU
☐ SOUVENIRS
☐ JEAN LE BASQUE
☐ LA CHASSE ROYALE

THE FRENCH BOOK GUILD
119 W. 57th ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD'S FOOD

A Study of the Interrelations of World Population, Diet Standards and Food Potentials

By M. K. BENNETT, Director, Food Research Institute, Stanford University. "For all who want to get a balanced view of world food and agriculture in relation to world population — past, present, and future — this book provides an authoritative guide to what is known, what is not known, and what can only be surmised from insufficient data."—E. M. H. LLOYD, formerly Under-Secretary, British Ministry of Food. $4.00

NO SALE, NO JOB

The Economics of American Prosperity

By ALEXANDER R. HERON, Vice President, Crown Zellerbach Corp. "Alexander R. Heron, senior statesman in the field of human relations, has a faculty of pinning down the simple but elusive fundamentals of business life...In this book he provides a keenly different look at the basic source of employment: the completed sale." —S. AVERY RAUBE, National Industrial Conference Board. "His thesis cannot be ignored." —*Business Week.* $3.00

At your bookstore or from

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

TO WHAT EXTENT is the New Look of our military strategy counterbalanced by a New Look in our diplomacy? **Max Ascoli's** editorial is the first in a series that will reexamine the condition of our foreign policy.

An article of unusual length in this issue deals with an area in our world that is troubled to an unusually high degree. In Kenya the British are faced with difficulties essentially similar to those the major western powers must also face in Asia and Latin America. The Mau Mau movement in Kenya is as baffling to define as darkest Africa was baffling to explore. But one thing seems certain: The attempt to introduce modern ideas to backward populations sometimes gives new and dreadful power to the local medicine men. That is why the nationalism in Kenya is almost indistinguishable from archaic and cruel tribalism. The only way to find out something about the situation is through keen factual observation and good reporting. Political analysis and generalization will not do. This job of reporting has been done for us—with a remarkable blend of detachment and sympathy—by **Santha Rama Rau,** a young Hindu woman. Educated at Wellesley, Santha Rama Rau is the author of *Home to India* and *East of Home.* A new book by her, *This Is India,* will be published by Harper & Brothers on March 31.

PAKISTAN presents a very different facet of emerging nationalism. Here is a new nation, undreamed of a generation ago, which shares with Israel the distinction of being founded on religion. There is now much speculation that Pakistan will join what a year ago was called the Middle East Defense Organization. **J. H. Huizinga** has recently toured the Indian subcontinent for the *Niewe Rotterdamse Courant* and the Manchester *Guardian.*

Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr., Republican "freshman" in the House at thirty-eight, is not exactly in sympathy with his party's extremists. He is the youngest and one of the most outspoken advocates of the idea that Congressional committees dealing with subversion must be merged and have their rules reorganized in the interest of fair play. It will be remembered that Representative Jacob K. Javits (R., New York) presented his own "Queensberry Rules" in *The Reporter* of September 1, 1953.

The whole nation has heard how a veterans' post in Norwalk, Connecticut, suddenly set out to catch local subversives. As far as we know no Communists were caught. The uproar has subsided, leaving only red faces. **George W. Groh,** a free-lance journalist, brings the affair into perspective.

William H. Hessler, a member of the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and a frequent contributor to *The Reporter,* writes about the President's proposal to lower the voting age without taking the matter too solemnly.

The story about cabbages provides a classical example of how a purported news item can snowball. **Max Hall,** a former Nieman Fellow, is a newspaperman.

IT WOULD seem that **Marya Mannes** has been eavesdropping in the corridors of the U.N., where she has found that the subject of the American woman is still of international interest. It is a pity she couldn't report what Mr. Vishinsky might have had to say.

John Kenneth Galbraith, Professor of Economics at Harvard, has the rare distinction of being as highly readable on "the dismal science" as he is when he reviews a novel.

William Lee Miller, who discusses Roger Williams, teaches at Smith College, and was the author of our much-discussed article "Can Government Be 'Merchandised'?"

Our cover and the line drawings that accompany Santha Rama Rau's article are by **Al Blaustein,** who drew most of them during his travels throughout Kenya and Africa.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor and Publisher*
Executive Editor, Harlan Cleveland
Senior Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor*, Al Newman
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding
Assistant Managing Editors: William Knapp, Robert K. Bingham
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Art Editor*, Reg Massie
Staff Writer, Claire Sterling
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Dalcher • *Librarian*, Ruth Ames
Circulation Manager, Albert C. Simonson

VOLUME 10, NO. 6 **MARCH 16, 1954**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

From Kenya to Berlin

OLD LOOK IN BERLIN—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 11
THE TRIAL OF JOMO KENYATTA . . . . . *Santha Rama Rau* 12

At Home & Abroad

PAKISTAN: DILEMMAS OF AN ISLAMIC WELFARE STATE . . . *J. H. Huizinga* 24
A G.O.P. CONGRESSMAN'S VIEWS ON SECURITY INVESTIGATIONS *Representative Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr.* 25
NORWALK, NATO, AND THE V.F.W. . . . . *George W. Groh* 28
HOW UNIVERSAL CAN SUFFRAGE GET? . . . . . *William H. Hessler* 31
THE GREAT CABBAGE HOAX . . . . . *Max Hall* 32

Views & Reviews

'OUR WOMEN ARE WONDERFUL' . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 36
LIVES, TIMES, AND FORTUNES OF SOME NEWS MAGAZINERS *John Kenneth Galbraith* 37
THE TYRANNY OF VIRTUE, THE EMPTINESS OF TOLERANCE *William Lee Miller* 38

Editorial and Business Offices:
220 East 42 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

SPANISH FRENCH GERMAN ITALIAN

Start to Speak a Foreign Language Correctly IN ONLY 7 DAYS

Now you can learn Spanish, French, German or Italian easily, inexpensively and in an amazingly short time.

Funk & Wagnalls' Language Phone Method with brand-new R.C.A. high-fidelity phonograph recordings, brings you the actual voices of expert teachers speaking in their native tongues.

The phonograph method of learning a foreign language is the amazing new method you have heard about and been reading about in national publications. With this method you learn right in your own home, your teacher is always there to instruct you, your manuals always there to help you. You learn as fast as you wish, repeat lessons as often as you need.

Send today for the FREE booklet that explains this remarkable new way to learn a foreign language. Let us tell you how you can try out the Funk & Wagnalls Language Phone Method for a whole week right in your own home and without obligation of any kind.

—MAIL THIS COUPON—

Funk & Wagnalls Company
Dept. RP-2 Foreign Languages
153 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me FREE descriptive booklet about your easy method of learning ( ) Spanish, ( ) French, ( ) German, ( ) Italian, and tell me how I may obtain a complete Language Phone Kit for seven days' free trial.

Name.....
Address.....
City .....Zone....State.....

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

Breakthrough on the Color Front

By LEE NICHOLS. The hitherto untold story of how the armed forces did away with racial segregation. "Records the first truly effective step that has been made in implementing the Emancipation Proclamation."—*Senator Hubert H. Humphrey.* *$3.50*

The Golden Door

THE IRONY OF OUR IMMIGRATION POLICY

By J. CAMPBELL BRUCE. A report on America's Iron Curtain . . . the McCarran-Walter Act . . . and a biting attack on the inept, cruel administration of that law. This fighting book shows how desperately we need an immigration law not written in fear nor rooted in racial discrimination. *$3.75*

At all bookstores, RANDOM HOUSE, N.Y.

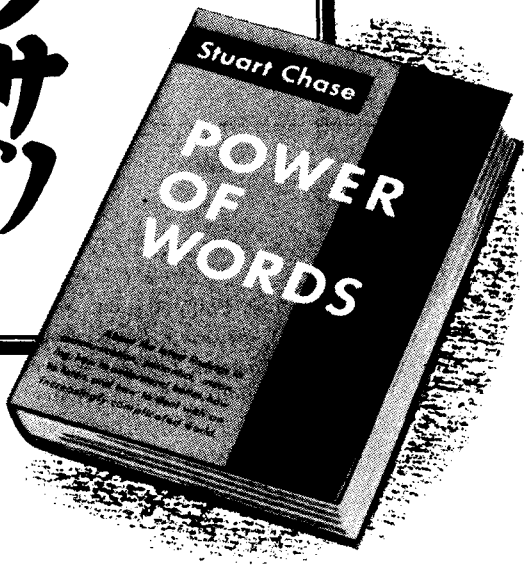
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is this word

that may have changed the course of history?

モクサツ

A Japanese word, *mokusatsu*, may have changed all our lives. It has two meanings: to ignore, and to refrain from comment. Faced with the Potsdam ultimatum — surrender or be crushed — the Emperor of Japan was prepared to surrender but wished to stall for time. A press release was issued announcing a policy of *mokusatsu* — no comment — but it got on the foreign wires in a mistranslation: "The cabinet *ignores* the demand to surrender." To recall the release would have been an unthinkable loss of face. So the war went on — to bring Soviet armies into Manchuria, to the A-bomb, to Korea.



One word, misinterpreted, may have changed our lives. And yet we live in a sea of words, powerful, often cruel, constructive and destructive, which we may know as little about as the fish knows of the water which gives him life. Now the author of the best-selling *Tyranny of Words* drives his analysis of language beyond meaning, beyond "semantics," into the deeper and wider problem of *communicating* what we mean. In 26 thought-packed chapters he shows how the language we speak controls our thought, our perceptions, and our "civilization."

Here are but a few of the topics he discusses in *Power of Words*:

¶ **CAN A MACHINE THINK?** A mechanical robot at I.B.M. in New York can solve in a matter of seconds equations which would take mathematicians years to do — and check its own work! Bell Laboratories has an "electronic mouse" that learns by experience; and scientists are now planning a machine that will play chess. Its game might not be brilliant, they say, but very safe, for it would know all the alternatives before it made a move. But if its opponent cheats it will go into a nervous breakdown. In *Power of Words* you will see the new and astounding light these machines are throwing on the actions of our own brains and emotions — "cybernetics" to the scientist.

¶ **HOW SUBTLE IS THE HUMAN BRAIN?** The average brain has nearly 15 billion nerve cells with interconnections equalling more than all the molecules in the Universe. A machine which approximated this would require block upon city block to house it and all the water of Niagara daily just to keep it cool. Learn in *Power of Words* how we can harness these resources for more constructive thought and a more dynamic personality.

¶ **COMMUNICATION WITHOUT WORDS.** Language is but an outgrowth of more widespread and primitive forms of communication — what the specialists call "kinesics." Young monkeys matched with children who had not learned to speak could communicate, take instruction, and do set puzzles often faster than the children. Yet it is words that civilize: for when the children began to speak they left the monkeys far behind. In *Power of Words* Stuart Chase discusses how language and our early use of it develops and controls our thought and action.

¶ **WORDS — MASTERS OR SLAVES?** Learn from *Power of Words* how the language of Western man has often crippled his science, his communication, and his understanding of the world around him — and what the new science is doing to stop this tyranny.

¶ **WHAT IS "ROLE PLAYING"?** Identifying yourself with the person you are trying to communicate with. Read in the *Power of Words* how modern studies in communication are opening up paths of cooperation and progress by the new method of "group dynamics."

¶ **HOW DOES THE WRITER WORK?** — in economics, in politics? What is the secret behind successful propaganda? Here are brilliant analyses of campaign oratory, guilt by association, and mass media.

Learn and read about these and many more astonishing and stimulating facts that have come to light in the field of language and communication research. Here is the book to broaden your own horizon and increase your personal pleasure and success through a greater understanding of the words we use and the minds that use them. More than a book of theory, *Power of Words* shows you how you can better understand and make yourself better understood, in writing, in speaking, in business and in your personal life. Order your copy today.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17

Enclosed is $3.95 check, money order. Please send me postpaid a copy of POWER OF WORDS by Stuart Chase. It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied, I may return the book within 10 days and my money will be promptly refunded. R1

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ZONE_____STATE_____

Power of Words by STUART CHASE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old Look in Berlin

CONTAINMENT used to be the key principle of the Truman-Acheson foreign policy; yet it was John Foster Dulles who led the diplomacy of containment in its major test. In Berlin he parried all of Molotov's thrusts and sallies with a quick mind and a biting tongue. He kept the morale of the western team high, never talked of our "massive retaliatory power," and carefully avoided swearing on his sacred honor that never would we even consider recognizing Red China.

In fact, Mr. Dulles's diplomacy turned out to be the opposite of his strategy, which is based, as he put it, upon our "great capacity to retaliate instantly by means and at places of our choosing." In Berlin our Secretary of State never subjected his adversary to retaliatory thrusts of his own choosing. Obviously our country's still untried New Look strategy is accompanied by an Old Look diplomacy.

MR. DULLES'S policy of negative containment achieved at least one major result: Molotov showed his hand. Never has the Communist pattern of world conquest been more obvious. Communism stands as the champion of absolute sovereignty for every nation, small or big, that Communism has not yet conquered. It is a singularly broad-minded, tolerant champion: Soviet Russia would enter into a security pact with all the thirty-two European states "without regard to their social systems"—presumably including Franco Spain. The security Soviet Russia seeks for itself and its potential allies is security from the Atlantic community and any other supranational organization. Russia is the advocate of rugged individualism, intransigent Brickerism—for others.

All that Russia demands of any nationalism is a divisive quality and the capacity to make for more divisiveness. Thus two Germanies are much more suitable than one, and the Communists are quite tolerant in fostering nationalism in both Germanies, while they do what they can to keep French nationalism stirred up. Every intolerant "ism" goes the Moscow way—sometimes under Moscow-trained leaders, sometimes rolling along by itself.

In the old days of the Popular Front Earl Browder used to call Communism "twentieth-century Americanism." Now Communism presents itself as twentieth-century Mohammedanism in the Moslem countries. It is twentieth-century tribalism in Kenya. At Berlin it showed its true face as the most reactionary evil ever contrived by the divisive instinct of man.

At Berlin, Soviet diplomacy did not advance, and neither did that of the western Allies. Molotov staked a claim on Eurasia and even tried to add Europeanism to the list of all the "isms" the Kremlin is confiscating. It is unfortunate that, faced by this most shameful of recent Soviet moves, Mr. Dulles failed to react with anything like the decisiveness and imagination of Dean Acheson when, at the 1950 session of the U.N. General Assembly, he presented the resolution "Uniting for Peace." It must be added, however, that on that occasion, shortly after the victorious Inchon landing, Acheson was truly speaking from a position of strength.

But certainly we lost an extraordinary opportunity when Molotov advanced his plan of a European nonaggression pact. For Mr. Dulles might well have proposed union for the whole of Europe, East and West—up to the historic boundaries of Russia. The little Europe of the six EDC nations at best is only a substitute for the federal or confederal union of the whole of Europe, just as an independent West Germany is only a substitute for a united Germany.

A pact of union among the nations of western and eastern Europe would be inconceivable without the free consent of the peoples of Europe. Had Secretary Dulles offered a plan for a free united Europe, he might even have had a chance to vent once more some of his old ideas about "liberation" and to tell Molotov he had asked for it. But at the same time that Mr. Dulles was holding his own in Berlin, back home in the U.S. Senate the debate on the Bricker amendment was going on, for Mr. Dulles's party is still controlled by men who consider foreign affairs as foreigners' affairs. Mr. Dulles contained Molotov without taking any initiative on his own. In Washington the Administration was at work containing the Bricker forces—by accepting, as Senator Knowland put it, a plan it did not favor.

FROM BERLIN to Nairobi, from Rome to Washington, the West faces the same conflict of irreconcilable principles: divisive reaction versus creative organic growth. Communism is the major, although not the only, carrier of divisive reaction. America's mission is to promote large interlocked commonwealths destined to make the independence of nations compatible with the welfare of their peoples. But we cannot preach what we do not practice.

When, oh when, after so much hysterical talk, are we actually going to start fighting Communism?

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Trial Of Jomo Kenyatta

SANTHA RAMA RAU

A dark, infinitely foreign face from the mountains of Kenya stared out at Americans from their newspapers a few weeks ago. The man's hair was ragged, the eyes flat, the expression altogether uncomprehending—an obscure Mau Mau terrorist, condemned to death by a British court, standing beside an English soldier in a neat uniform with bright buttons, gazing with that wild look into the camera.

It was all supposed to be over by now: the terrorism, Mau Mau, the military outposts in the forests and hills of Kenya. It was supposed to have ended a year ago with the trial and sentence of Jomo Kenyatta. As I looked at the newspaper picture the other day, I remembered again that extraordinary trial, what it had taught me about Africa, and how it has been the beginning, not the end, of one of the most turbulent problems in the world.

The Chasm

The trial of Jomo Kenyatta, the only African to emerge as anything approaching a national leader in that curious association of colonies, trust territories, and protectorates that makes up British East Africa, began with a certain degree of local interest in an obscure village in a wilderness on December 3, 1952. It ended four months later in a flurry of worldwide publicity, in the wake of a massacre, with the conviction and seven-year sentence of Kenyatta on charges of leading and managing the secret society of African terrorists known as Mau Mau.

To the people who were following with fascination the progress of the trial—the foreign journalists, the white settlers in Africa, the Labour Members of Parliament in England, the representatives of the Colonial Office both in Britain and in Kenya, and of course the Africans—the outcome was never in very much doubt. But the issues held such enormous interest and importance for Kenyans, whatever their race, that the circulation of the chief newspaper reporting the trial in Swahili (the closest thing to a vernacular *lingua franca* for Africans) more than doubled during those weeks; and as the tension grew through the months of the equatorial summer and autumn, both the weather and the Royal Family were superseded in the Englishman's small talk by details of the Kenyatta trial.

Perhaps to the outside observer most of all, the Kenyatta trial seemed an extraordinary, bizarre, and ominous affair, exposing as it did many elements of magic, witchcraft, Christian fervor, atrocities, politics, and, even more horrifying, the chasm of misunderstanding, fantasy, and ignorance between the races.

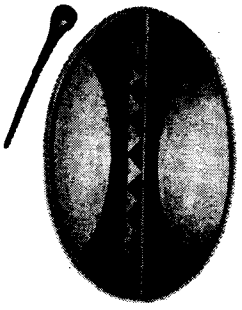
The Charges

On October 21, 1952, Jomo Kenyatta was arrested in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, and detained under the emergency regulations that had come into force to deal with the disturbed conditions in the colony as a result of Mau Mau activity. Specifically Kenyatta was charged with "management of an unlawful society, Mau Mau, which is dangerous to the good government of the Colony." With him were charged five other Africans, all members of the Kenya African Union.

These six men were all charged with conspiracy "by use of physical force or by threat or intimidation, to compel persons in Kenya to take an oath, or engagement in the nature of an oath, purporting to bind those taking it to act, or not to act, in any particular way." To the layman these charges are inclined to seem vague—which is not altogether surprising since Mau Mau itself is so ill defined. The one clear point was that they referred to Mau Mau procedure and organization. This conspiracy, the government claimed, was intended to promote disaffection and discontent in Kenya, and to cause friction between the races.

The Europeans in the colony put it more simply and more catchily—if less accurately. To them Mau Mau was an anti-European movement designed to kick the British out of Kenya by terrorism, murder of human beings, slaughter of livestock, and possibly, in the end, a scorched-earth policy. They called it "the African Stern Gang," or sometimes a "Ku Klux Klan in reverse."

The felonious activities for which the six men were arrested were sup-



posed to have taken place between January 1, 1950, and the date of Jomo Kenyatta's detention on October 21, 1952. Actually, the secret society called Mau Mau has been known as a functioning if elusive

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

organization since 1942. For ten years the authorities saw no reason to worry about Mau Mau. Sir Philip Mitchell, Governor of Kenya until 1952, declared about three months before Kenyatta's arrest, "You will even see it reported that East Africa is seething with African unrest—of all inexplicable nonsense!"

'Get Out! Get Out!'

Relatively little was at first known about Mau Mau beyond the fact that it was confined to the Kikuyu tribe, one of the most advanced of East Africa's 220 tribes; that its members seemed to be mostly in the Rift Valley, the vast geological fault that runs like a monstrous trench through the plateaus of Kenya; and that its membership, enrolled by oath, was confined to men. Even now, after the murders and massacres attributed to Mau Mau, after the extensive publicity it has received, after the committees, officials, policemen, soldiers, and journalists have all inquired into it, Mau Mau still retains most of its original mystery. Nobody (not even the majority of the members themselves) even knows what the name means. Various guesses have included the possibility that Mau Mau was evolved from the initials of Member of the African Union, and a more fanciful idea that Mau Mau is a corruption of "miaow-miaow" because the terrorists sometimes left a strangled cat at the scene of an atrocity as a symbol of their society.

The most logical suggestion is that Mau Mau is an anagram of *Uma Uma,* which in the Kikuyu language means "Get out! Get out!" But even this has never been confirmed authoritatively. Jomo Kenyatta answered the question when it was put to him in the witness box by saying that he had "no idea what Mau Mau means." Nobody really knows the extent of Mau Mau membership. Estimates vary from ninety-five per cent of the Kikuyu tribe—which would amount to more than a million people—to only five per cent.

THE PURPOSES of Mau Mau have remained almost as obscure as the name. It has come to be pretty generally accepted (except by the more diehard of the white settlers) that one of the reasons for the rise of Mau Mau was the Kikuyu land hunger. The huge productive plateau straddling the equator in the middle

Jomo Kenyatta

of Kenya is known as the White Highlands because here the Englishmen who arrived around the turn of the century to establish Kenya as a colony ruled that no Africans or Asians might own land, and that the Highlands remain White in the racial sense.

In the last fifty years the population of the Kikuyu tribe has grown enormously, largely because the white man, in a way, brought his own destruction with him. Epidemics and tribal wars, which had previously kept the population pressures at a perilous equilibrium, were extensively controlled by the newly arrived foreigners. The land set aside for the Kikuyu tribal reserves can no longer contain them. Even on the land that they have, they are forbidden to grow the better-paying crops such as coffee, sisal, and pyrethrum (a variety of marguerite from which is extracted an essential component of most insecticides).

Finally, as Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, the most distinguished authority on the Kikuyu and their customs, claims, it is firmly established in Kikuyu tradition that the White Highlands were leased, not sold, by the tribe to the foreigners. Now the Kikuyu want them back. Mau Mau was supposed to force land concessions from the British.

To the average white settler who has bought his farm in good faith with all the right legal documents, developed the land far beyond its previous state, invested his money, and made his home in the Highlands, this whole argument seems, naturally, to be the outrageous nonsense of socialists or malcontents.

ANOTHER version of the purpose of Mau Mau that is quite often advanced is that it is a strong and sudden return to magic and the old beliefs of the power of tribal chiefs and witch doctors. This is supposed to have come about as a reaction to the work and preaching of missionaries and the teaching the Africans have received in mission schools. Here, it is claimed, the encroaching foreigner broke down the security of the African in the rigid structure of his tribe and the compulsive fears and confidence in his religion of magic and terror without providing an alternative society that was close enough or comprehensible enough to the African, and without substituting a religion that he could understand.

Certainly to the average African, even if he can sort out in his own mind the conflicting sects and contradictory creeds of the different varieties of missionary in his country, the contrast between Christian teaching and ethics and the African place in the new Christian society that has evolved in Kenya must be disturbing and embittering.

A more cynical explanation of Mau Mau is that it was conceived largely as a money-making concern. With the rise of the cost of living in Africa the compulsory Mau Mau entrance fee has risen from seven shillings to sixty-two shillings and fifty cents—about nine dollars, or six weeks' wages for an African. Somebody must be getting all this money for a relatively small output. Mau Mau in this case would be only a sort of gangsterism, an extensive protection racket.

The most idealistic version of Mau Mau is that it is a genuine nationalistic movement designed to get self-government for Kenya Africans, and that its terrorist aspects are an unfortunate by-product that grew up—against the wishes of the leaders—among the impatient elements who

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

felt that there was no chance of receiving a just settlement from the British by peaceful means.

Still other explanations are that the present outbreak is an inevitable race war; that it is the revolt of the intellectual African against the British and their discrimination against the colored races; that it is the revolt of the primitive and savage African against the intellectual African, and only incidentally against the British; that it is a Communist or Communist-directed upheaval; that it is an anti-Christian movement, that the whole thing has been hysterically exaggerated and that Mau Mau is really no force at all.

WHEN Jomo Kenyatta was tried, there was a good deal of evidence to back up every one of these conflicting theories. For each there was also a good deal of discrediting proof. Altogether it was rather difficult for the outsider to make out precisely what—in the broad sense—Kenyatta was accused of.

Defenders of the African cause were quick to claim that Kenyatta's arrest was simply an excuse to ban the Kenya African Union, the first organized and politically aware group of East Africans to flourish and gain support for their work. The other extreme felt that unless Mau Mau leaders were dealt with firmly, Africans would lose respect for British sovereignty and government.

Only this much at least was certain, out of all the conflicting theories and explanations: that Mau Mau contained elements of blind superstition, intimidation, and political aspiration accompanied with savagery, brigandage, and murder of the most horrifying sort. Because of these the Europeans' anger against Kenyatta from the time of his arrest rose sharply.

When Kenyatta was first detained it would have been possible under the emergency regulations for the British authorities simply to exile or intern him without any trial at all. During the more explosive moments of the trial, and as the list of European murders mounted to a total of eight in those weeks, a good many of the people involved wished that the authorities had done just that, for the Kenyatta trial quickly grew into much more than the exile of a troublemaker.

Enter D. N. Pritt, Q.C.

Kenyatta was arrested in Nairobi, but because the police felt that there was danger of public uprisings and trouble in the capital if the trial were held there, he was taken up to the Northern Province. This is a vast desolate frontier region of Kenya where the tribes are supposed to be particularly primitive. It is a "restricted area," where nobody is allowed in or out without a police pass. It was to this area that troublemakers, Communists, and various political and criminal prisoners were exiled or held in detention. And it was in Kapenguria, a tiny village there, that the trial of Jomo Kenyatta was held.

The point at which world attention suddenly focused on Kenyatta was when no European lawyer in Kenya would handle his defense. It would have ruined his practice. D. N. Pritt, a lawyer of considerable distinction, a Queen's Counsel, a Labour M.P. for fifteen years, a man who made his reputation on political trials and who is perhaps best known in the United States for his successful defense of Gerhart Eisler when he jumped ship in England, announced that he would take the case and became the chief counsel for the defense of Kenyatta and his five colleagues. Pritt, a red-complexioned man of medium height with an offhand manner, flew to Kenya and plunged at once into the tangle of misunderstandings and the great gap between cultures that would characterize the trial. Pritt was met by an enthusiastic crowd of Africans, many of whom, it turned out, had heard his title "Queen's Counsel" and assumed that Elizabeth II had so taken Kenyatta's cause to heart that she was sending her personal lawyer to defend him. The next few days, however, made it clear that Pritt brought no such overwhelming authority.

Pritt's very first act resulted in an antagonism that quickly grew to fury among the white settlers as the trial progressed. He appeared before the Kenya Supreme Court to declare with angry bluntness that the indictments against his clients were "the vaguest allegations of conspiracy I have ever seen in forty-three years' experience" and to demand that the venue of the trial be changed to Nairobi, where he would have access to libraries, essential documents, and witnesses.

Pritt's fireworks made the Kenyatta trial news for most of the world and such a *cause célèbre* in

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Asia and Africa that several lawyers from India and West Africa joined the defense team. This, in turn, raised a number of complications. It became clear that the trial was no longer a private Kenya affair. Inevitably the position of all Africans was going to be discussed. Probably the presence of the British in Kenya, even in all East Africa, would be considered. A number of vaguely discreditable and definitely disturbing facts about life in Kenya were going to get an uncomfortably public airing.

The Color Bar

The various defense lawyers ran immediately into one of the bitterest issues between the races. They met it first in the matter of living quarters. All of them except Pritt were, in the Kenya sense, colored. They could not therefore stay in hotels, in clubs, or in wayside inns. They couldn't eat their meals in European restaurants, or travel first class in trains, or get a drink in a bar. Eventually they all crowded into the home of an obliging Indian businessman.

Kapenguria itself is too small a village to have any public accommodation. All the people involved in the trial lived twenty-four miles away in the nearest town, Kitale. There, the one hotel and one residential club were exclusively for Europeans, and the color bar (or the "culture bar," a genteel phrase some of the Europeans insist on using) excluded all the defense team except Pritt.

THE Kenya Supreme Court turned down Pritt's request for a change of venue, and in an atmosphere of growing tension and hard feelings the trial opened in Kapenguria on December 3, 1952. The setting itself added uncomfortably to the drama of the occasion. Kapenguria has no courtroom, so a little red schoolhouse, normally used for government-sponsored classes in agriculture, was requisitioned for the purpose, and the only large classroom was arranged as a court. The immediate grounds of the schoolhouse were surrounded by barbed-wire fences and enclosures to which Jomo and his five fellow prisoners retired for their luncheon recess. The spectators from the nearby farms and counsel, as if at a picnic, sat on the grass munching sandwiches and bananas and drinking coffee or warm Coca-Cola.

The surrounding area and the

roads leading to Kapenguria were patrolled by armored cars and by special details of police. Occasionally, driving to the trial, one would see groups of men from the wild and primitive Suk tribe that lives in the restricted area. They would be standing on the roadside, watching enthralled as the daily procession of cars (more than would normally pass that way in a month), each with its accompanying fog of pinkish dust, swept by to Kapenguria. The strangers in turn stared at the Suk, naked except for the nodding ostrich feathers in their headdresses and their beads or bracelets made of copper wire stolen from the electric lines across the country. A newspaperman told me of seeing a Suk girl wearing only what was apparently her most cherished household possesion, an aluminum teakettle, on her head. Sometimes the mutual scrutiny became embarrassing, and the Suk, as is their habit when they are shy, would cover their faces with their hands. In a few seconds the cars would be gone.

The Courtroom

Inside the cheerful, humdrum little room the antagonisms, the loyalties, the tensions, and the rancor were so vital as to change the quality of the air one breathed. About fifty spectators could be seated comfortably in the room at the scratched school desks with the scribbled figures of old calculations on them, the carved initials, the doodles. In front sat the prosecutor, A. G. Somerhough, large, round-faced, balding, with the cultivated Englishman's sense of humor and sarcasm, a popular man in Kenya for his distinguished war record, his work on the trial of the war criminals in Germany, and, more recently, for the ability he had displayed as the second-in-command to the Attorney-General of the colony. Both he and his blond, handsome assistant wore the conventional formal black coats and striped trousers—startling and incongruous in the equatorial sunlight.

Next to them at the defense tables the lawyers were more informally dressed in tweeds and lounge suits. In front of them and to their right was the witness box. At the end of the room was the low dais where R. S. Thacker, the magistrate, sat in his robes and wig with his back to a blackboard and under a colored print of the young and smiling face of the Queen. To the left of the audience, on a long narrow bench set against the wall, guarded by two tall askaris in their uniforms of navy-blue sweaters, khaki shorts, and red Moslem fezzes, observed by several English CID men both inside the room and from the veranda, sat the six prisoners, looking unexpectedly short and shabby. Through the windows, across the barbed wire and the patrol cars, you could see the tall silver eucalyptus trees, the blue air of the high country, and the incredibly beautiful foothills of Mount Eglon.

The Principal Defendant

Naturally most interest centered on Kenyatta himself. Throughout the trial, except for moments of intense emotion in the witness box, he seemed entirely at ease, sometimes amused. In the weeks that followed, his corduroy golf jacket, suede shoes, and colored shirt all became a familiar part of the trappings of the court. He is a stocky man with an ugly, powerful face. As the magazines and newspapers were soon to prove, he can be photographed to look either like a frog or like one of the more impressive and saintly Biblical prophets. He has a short, sparse beard and a big, curving mouth which shows uneven yellow teeth when he smiles. His nose is broad and his hairline receding. It is his eyes that transform his face, his admirers claim, into the dedicated countenance of a righteous leader.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They have been described variously as hypnotic, flashing, brilliant, mesmeric, cunning, and blank. An Englishman once described him as "part mountebank, part Hampstead intellectual," but all the same he is just about the only African whose name is known throughout East Africa and who has devoted friends and followers among the most educated and the most backward of the Africans. Perhaps his most famous asset is a formidable gift of oratory.

When he spoke in public he drew audiences of thirty to fifty thousand. Throughout Kenya people knew his voice, his speeches, and his mannerisms—so much so that one story ran that a sort of code had been established between him and his audiences. He always carried a stick with an ivory handle carved to resemble an elephant head. Another prop was a large ring in which was set a white stone about an inch in diameter. The rumor went that he used these props to indicate to his audience whether he meant his words to be taken seriously or as the exact reverse of what he was saying. In the course of his trial this question of his sincerity in his public speeches became one of the more important aspects of the case for the Crown.

I suppose it is always the way with men who capture the imagination of crowds of people that they not only represent a number of diverse things to different people but that they are themselves represented in many conflicting and contradictory ways. The impressions and stories about Kenyatta are endless. He appears as the intellectual and also as the rabble rouser. Sometimes he is the dedicated patriot, at other times the devious traitor. He is described as selfless, almost an ascetic, yet one of the early prosecution witnesses in his trial called him the "heaviest drinker in the world."

Even the "facts" of his life allow for so much guesswork and interpretation that a baffling amount of contradiction exists. He doesn't, for example, know when he was born. His passport, based presumably on how old he seemed at the time he got it, makes him fifty-nine. He is by blood a Kikuyu, and was educated in one of the Church of Scotland mission schools, but beyond that, he says, he was "self-educated." Certainly his formal education was interrupted for a considerable period, for right after he left school in 1914 he went to work as a laborer on a farm in the White Highlands. In 1922 he began the political work which so consumed his interest that by 1928 he was devoting almost his full time to it. He earned a living by working as a meter reader for the municipal water board of Nairobi. In 1929 he went to Europe on money raised for him by the Kikuyu tribe. Already they recognized him as an important force.

To Europe—and Back

Europe changed Kenyatta's life radically, although just what he did in the seventeen years he was there remains for the most part obscure. By his own admission he visited Moscow twice and spent altogether nearly two years at the Moscow University. He also spent some time at the London School of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Economics, where he, like so many other students from various colonies and parts of the British Empire, fell under the influence of Harold Laski. He received a postgraduate diploma in anthropology in London and wrote as his thesis the semi-autobiography that was published as a book, *Facing Mount Kenya*. During this period he married an Englishwoman and had a son by her. He already had a Kikuyu wife.

In 1946 Kenyatta returned to Kenya. To all black Africans educated abroad, the return home is a disheartening experience. In Europe they have been treated as equals, if not actually lionized by the people they have met and worked with. Back home they are again thrown back to the irritations and insults of the color bar, and the more concrete grievances of lower pay and lesser jobs and virtually no possibility of economic advance, all countenanced by law and jurisprudence.

I suppose it must be assumed, in the light of Kenyatta's conviction, that he returned from England and immediately became the manager of Mau Mau. It is also assumed that the extensive job of founding African schools independent of the foreign missions—to which, ostensibly, he gave all his time that was not taken by the semi-political activities of the Kenya African Union—was really an elaborate way of establishing underground channels for spreading Mau Mau propaganda. When he was arrested these schools were either closed down or had been placed under strict supervision to purge their staff of Mau Mau teachers, and the Kenya African Union, already suspect as an organization, virtually ceased to function. Kenyatta's friends announced hotly that its suppression, not Mau Mau terrorism, was the purpose of his arrest.

The Prosecution's Case

To the spectators in the court, almost every day there was some new excitement, usually of a melodramatic sort. The prosecution's case, however, was entirely concerned with Mau Mau and fell into three broad sections. The first was intended to show that Kenyatta had taken and administered the Mau Mau oath; the second that on the occasions when he had denounced Mau Mau he was insincere and that his real policy, along with the policy of the organization of which he was president (the Kenya African Union), was anti-European and pro-Mau Mau; and the last that he had allowed himself to be idolized, with his name blasphemously substituted for Jesus Christ's in hymns; and that these actions were consistent only with his role as manager of Mau Mau.

The first few prosecution witnesses—all of them Africans—set the mood for mystery, magic, and barbaric rites. They were the ones who claimed to have seen Kenyatta take the Mau Mau oath himself and administer it to others. All begged Thacker to withhold their names from the press because they were afraid of reprisals. They were all kept in a specially guarded encampment, for it was not considered safe to allow them to live in their villages. To a question of whether these witnesses needed such elaborate protection because they were committing perjury, Somerhough replied acidly and with considerable effect, "It isn't a question of witnesses committing perjury but of committing suicide."

Among them the witnesses established what became the classic de-

scription of the ceremony of the Mau Mau oath taking: the walk through the banana-leaf arch, the eating of the sheep's meat, the touching of the mucus and liquid from the sheep's eye to the lips, the payment of sixty-two shillings and fifty cents. One of them explained that the ritual had taken place in his village and he had been forced into participation against his will. His flat, rather surly account was curiously evocative of the evening in a hut three years earlier.

"I saw a lamp inside burning low," he testified. "It was practically out. I felt my hands seized by a man and I was told by him: 'Take off your boots and if you have any money get rid of it.' " The man was joined by Kenyatta. "He said, 'You have got to go in. . . .' As they pushed me in they tried to calm me down, saying, 'It is nothing bad.' I was taken back into the house where I had been told to take off my boots. There were two rooms in it and a lot of people were present. There was a lot of murmuring. I saw an arch of banana leaves and other things. Jomo Kenyatta took hold of me and passed me with him through the arch.

"We stood side by side on the far side of the arch. I heard a murmuring of voices saying, 'Eat this meat . . . Eat this meat. . . . If you sell our country or our people, may this meat destroy you.'

"Because I was angry I did not bite it, but it was rubbed hard against my lips. I was told again, 'Eat this meat. If you ever sell our land to the Europeans, you will die.'

"Again I was told, 'Eat this meat and you will pay sixty-two shillings and fifty cents. Unless you do, this meat will hate you and cause you to die. . . . If you ever disclose the secrets to any person not belonging to these secrets, may you be hated by this meat.' "

Throughout this ceremony, the witness said, Kenyatta was beside him and "was having done to him what was being done to me."

The Taking of Oaths

It must have occurred to a good many people who saw the trial or read about it that this whole question of oath taking and the government stand on it could create considerable confusion in the minds of the average uneducated Kikuyu tribesmen. Clearly the government considered the articles of the Mau Mau oath described by the witnesses wicked and worthy of punishment, though, to reverse the situation, an Englishman commits himself to many of the same things. An Englishman, for instance, cannot sell

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

land in the White Highlands to anyone of another race; he too would be considered a traitor were he to "sell his country or his people"; and presumably he too lives under the threat both of punishment and of social ostracism.

Besides the commandments to

which a Kikuyu was sworn under the Mau Mau oath, the manner of his swearing apparently aroused considerable disgust deepening to utter revulsion among the Europeans. Yet, fantastically enough, even more drastic ceremonies were condoned or initiated by the government authorities. In a ritual that undertook to release Kikuyu from their Mau Mau promises, which was officially called a "cleansing ceremony" but which became more popularly known as a "de-oathing," the authorities were looking for a ceremony so powerful that it would undo even the terrifying Mau Mau oath.

The procedure was, accordingly, intensified. Instead of simply touching the mucus of the sheep's eye to the lips, in the de-oathing one had to eat the eye, the theory being that a stronger witchcraft would destroy the weaker magic. This routine so upset Members of Parliament in England, who deplored the using of barbarism to defeat barbarism, that the more extreme forms of the de-oathing had to be suppressed. However, the ritual of de-oathing continued in a milder way.

One such ceremony that I saw was officially sponsored in a part of the Kikuyu tribal reserve where there was supposed to be an extremely high incidence of Mau Mau influence and membership. It was conducted by a fully qualified witch doctor wearing his regalia of ostrich plumes and scarlet jacket over rather patched and worn clothes. He was decorated with safety pins and carried the traditional quiver full of arrows. He performed the de-oathing ceremony with one of the magic *ithikari*—sacred stones which have seven holes in them to represent the seven orifices of the body. The man who was being cleansed placed the end of a sliver of bamboo in each hole. Holding the ends of the seven sticks, he repeated the oath of loyalty to the British government. The oath followed very closely the pattern of the Mau Mau's. It must be puzzling for the ordinary Kikuyu to decide just where foreigners stand on the question of witchcraft.

Soon after the opening of the trial an African acquaintance of mine pointed out to me a news item in a magazine. It described a Mau Mau "court" which was discovered while it was in session by some of the members of the Kenya African Rifles, a regiment that had been called up to help maintain law and order, and a few administrative officials. Thirteen Kikuyu members of the "court" were arrested, and among their confiscated paraphernalia were a rhinoceros whip and a white furry cap worn by the judge. "Look," said the African, "here in the Nyeri district it is a white cap and a whip. In Kapenguria it is a wig and a gavel. One is magic and one is British justice. Who should tell the African the difference?"

There must have been yet another source of confusion for many people in the fact that all the prisoners and many of the early witnesses who were in the box for having taken an oath were immediately put on oath again. To those of them who had accepted Christianity, possibly there was no doubt of which was the higher oath. To others who had felt betrayed by Christianity and who had specifically renounced its conventional form before they ever came to trial, the issue was less lucid. What in such cases constituted perjury? Which oath or loyalty should a Kikuyu abide by? What, in the end, is the power of an oath beyond the willingness to be bound by it or the threat of what will happen to you if you aren't? In most of Kenya there isn't even a social stigma attached to going to jail—it is popularly known as "visiting King George's Hoteli." The work is light, and there are the advantages of fairly good food and secure shelter.

To the stranger in Kenya the puzzling point is, which of all the laws that seem to surround the African does he consider binding? I asked this of an African friend of mine and received the answer, "The law with the biggest stick behind it." This in turn left me—as possibly a good many Africans are left—with a tricky question of judgment. Who has the bigger stick? Mau Mau or the British government? Missionaries or witch doctors? One's neighbor in an African village or the European on a big farm or in a distant town?

These objections may well seem specious to the Englishmen accustomed to the truism that a court does not administer justice, it administers the law. To the African without the great tradition of British justice to comfort him, I imagine that this seems at best arbitrary and at worst complete chaos. In either case it is certainly open to the political interpretation that the British, having established themselves in Kenya and wishing to preserve their position there, have enacted laws to protect that position and enforce them to ensure that it remains protected.

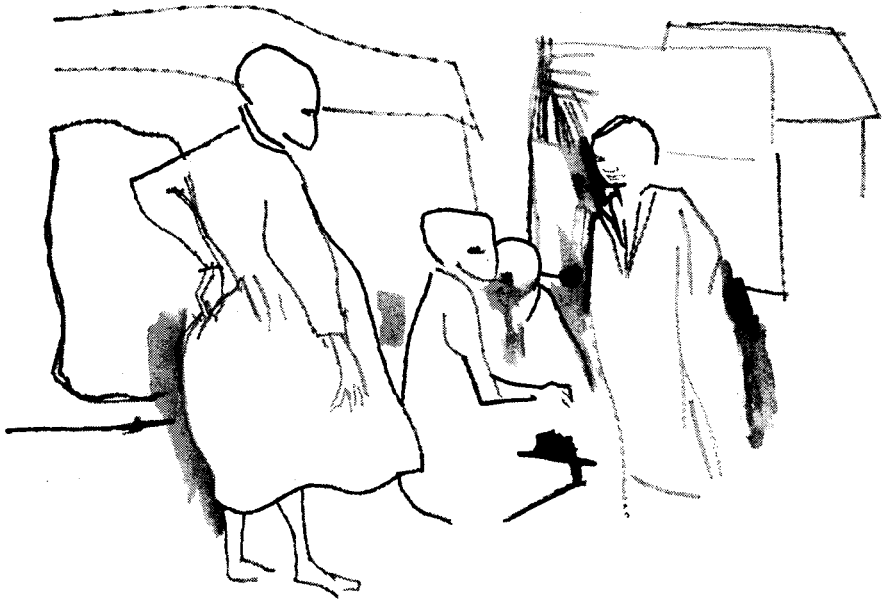
The Aspect of Religion

The Mau Mau, in any case, were apparently following a similar pattern. By whatever means they established their power, once it was established they too enacted their laws and enforced them. Their actions too were deeply motivated by political exigencies, however inchoate. Early in the trial the whole question of the political significance of Mau Mau and the involvement of the Kenya African Union came to the surface when Prosecutor Somerhough put into the witness box three deviationists, officials of one of the branch offices of the Kenya African Union who testified that Jomo Kenyatta had appeared to speak at a public meeting in their part of the country. They asked him why in his speech he had not openly denounced Mau Mau. Kenyatta, they said, had

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evaded the question, and eventually they were forced to close their branch of K.A.U.—presumably for being unwilling to support pro-Mau Mau policies.

Here was the direct implication that East Africa's only large, serious, well-organized, and actively functioning native political organization was not only deeply sympathetic with the aims of Mau Mau (whatever they might be), but was actually the main channel for the spreading of subversive propaganda and a front for its wilder methods. Kenyatta himself, of course, made the flat assertion from the witness box, "I say that K.A.U. has no connection with Mau Mau."



It might occur to the observer that there is something deeply unhealthy about a situation in which all the African politicians of stature are concerned with Mau Mau, and, further, that the solution has to be more fundamental and more searching than simply the imprisonment of such political leaders. The Europeans could answer with justification that no political rapprochement was possible until Mau Mau and its leaders were destroyed, that Mau Mau itself was the clearest indication of the African's political immaturity and the continuing need for British government in Kenya.

The Kenya Independent Schools —Kenyatta's special baby and one of the chief branches of activity of the K.A.U.—also came heavily under attack. These schools were designed to meet the African's enormous enthusiasm for education, which needed more outlets than the missions or the government could provide. (The European and Indian schools were not open to Africans.)

Now it was suggested that these schools, too, were used as channels for propaganda, that many of the hymns that were soon to become famous in the emerging testimony were first taught and sung to the schoolchildren. These hymns substituted the name "Jomo" for "Jesus" and "white people" or "the British" for "the wicked"; they spoke of Kenyatta as "the Saviour." All this was blasphemous—that is, if you happened to be a Christian. The hymnbooks that were produced over and over again in evidence contained passages like "The hearts that are brave were made brave by Jomo" and, more ominously, "The judgment will be delivered by Jomo." When Somerhough read from one of the hymns an extract that ran, "The love of Jomo Kenyatta is very great, he gave himself to become an agitator for our land," the prisoner interrupted fiercely and banged his fist on the edge of the witness box. "You are after my blood, my friend," he said. "I am not an agitator. The word means a fighter with words and demands." Somerhough represented a large part of Kenya's European opinion when he replied, "There is not much difference."

One of the early witnesses, a girl who had overheard a Mau Mau ceremony, established the connection between the atheistic sentiments of the hymns and Mau Mau. Among the fragments of conversation that she had overheard at the ceremony were, "I know there is no God," and "Jesus Christ they talk about is an Englishman." Her uneasy comment in the witness box was, "To my mind Jesus Christ is the son of God and right to the end of the meeting I had no joy in my heart because of this."

Why Aren't They Grateful?

Sitting in that classroom, looking out at the sunlit hills, at the farms which are ordered and productive only because some Englishman has fought the forest, cleared the land, set up his homestead, and adopted Kenya as his country, it is easy to understand the bitterness the settler now feels at the suggestion that he is a wicked imperialist exploiting the native and should now go home.

Kenya, these Englishmen had always thought, was different. It wasn't a colony in the usual sense of the word. The men who followed Lord Delamere to Kenya considered themselves genuine pioneers. They made farms out of the wilderness; they made a nation out of scattered, warring tribes; they created a country in which they planned to live and which they hoped to bequeath to their children. Apart from their loyalty to the Crown, they considered themselves entirely separate from the Englishmen in other parts of the Empire who performed their tour of duty—even if it lasted twenty-five years—but then returned to England. Those people were colonists. Here, in Kenya, they were settlers.

Without them, they felt, the

young Masai warriors, their bodies smeared with red ocher, living off fresh milk and cow blood drunk from a reed inserted in the vein, would still be raiding the Kikuyu villages, stealing the women and cattle and slaughtering the men. Without the settlers, East African agricul-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture would still be a primitive scratching of the soil, for they are the ones who had made Kenya a smiling and a lavish country. There would be no written language, no schools, hospitals, or roads. No central government ever existed before them, no public services, no towns, no police force.

"It may sound patronizing," an English friend told me, "to people who haven't lived here, but we *are* better for the Africans than the Africans are for each other."

Some settlers call the anger and ferment that have resulted in Mau Mau "ingratitude"; others simply accept it as an instance of the savagery that is so close to the surface of the East African character.

I think that nobody who travels in Kenya can help being impressed by the good intentions of the government, and if he visits the countryside, by the magnificence of the achievement of the pioneer white settlers, however outdated their opinions and their way of life may seem. But like nearly all the Englishmen I met in Kenya, these settlers lacked only the quality that is chronically lacking in whatever one means by the English character—an understanding and compassion for the other person's sensitivities. Much that is confusing in Kenya life, so many misunderstandings, such deep and genuine bafflement between the races, such a hopelessness of explaining or accepting purposes and motivations were crystallized during the trial of Kenyatta. The trial was punctuated with a series of these extraordinary moments.

On one occasion Pritt lost his temper with an African witness and asked rhetorically, "Do you always think everyone who doesn't agree with you is Mau Mau? Do you think I am Mau Mau?"

"I don't know," the witness replied seriously. "You come from Europe."

Kenyatta on the Stand

The prosecution called Kenyatta himself as the last witness on its list. He was questioned for ten days. During this long, frustrating examination, when Somerhough tried to establish that he had never openly denounced Mau Mau, the accused replied that he had. "The curse," Somerhough said, "was not a strong one and it had a double meaning."

Kenyatta replied that as far as he was concerned there was no longer or stronger curse.

Somerhough said that he understood that the earth was one of the

most sacred things on which a Kikuyu could take a curse.

Kenyatta looked puzzled and pointed out that the fifty thousand people he had been addressing at the time could not put a single piece of earth to their lips, and further that the earth oath was an oath to deny or accept something, not a curse. The strong curse, the one that he had used, had been handed down among the Kikuyu for countless generations.

Somerhough, at the end of his patience, asked, "That is the strongest thing you could have done? Translated in *Baraza* [the official Swahili paper] as 'Let Mau Mau go and be hanged'?"

"The translation has not the same meaning as the Kikuyu words to the Kikuyu people," Kenyatta answered, making perhaps a larger generalization than he realized about the state of affairs in Kenya.

Again, after denouncing Mau Mau in a public speech, Kenyatta was supposed to have said, "Now let us all take a pinch of snuff." Again, in a fog of semantics and half-understood psychology, there was a fruitless exchange about whether or not Kenyatta had made such a comment, and if he had whether it meant the same to the Kikuyu tribesman as "Take all this with a pinch of salt" would mean to an Englishman.

Certainly the whole world of curses and their ritual was foreign to the foreigners there. It was rather more surprising that even the language was foreign to Kenyans. But most frightening of all was the chasm between the two minds, the two races, and the two worlds.

YET AGAIN, in questioning Kenyatta about an inflammatory anti-British speech he had made, Somerhough asked him, "Did you say the English had relieved you of the slavery of the Arabs and then ask who purchased the slaves from the Arabs?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you say that before the English relieved you of Arab slavery, they themselves used to carry away slaves in a ship called *Jesus*?"

In effect, Kenyatta answered that he had.

"Do you know [Somerhough was getting angrier] when the English abolished the slave trade in East Africa?"

"Whether they did or did not, did not prevent me relating a historical account of the slave trade.

"Even if they abolished Arab slavery we were put into worse slavery. Our land was taken away and we were put to forced labor."

Somerhough protested: "This is not an answer; it is a speech."

"The wages given to our people were so low that we lived in a sort of serfdom." The intensity of Kenyatta's voice rose. "Formerly a man could walk and feel like a man. All that was changed and we were subjected to the color bar and all kinds of humiliations. . . . If slavery was abolished, a new kind of slavery was introduced. When you have taken somebody's land . . ." He stumbled over his words. "Leaving him . . ." His voice broke off. "I can't go on."

"Go on," Somerhough said with infinite sarcasm, "I am hanging on your lips."

Briskly Kenyatta recovered his composure, "I hope you do not fall," he said in a cool voice. "If you had to change places with an African and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

live like him for a week—or even two days—I bet you would not stay there. You think they are happy but they are not."

MEANWHILE, tensions built alarmingly between the Englishmen themselves and continually exploded in quarrels in the courtroom and in the jeers and anger of the spectators. Pritt claimed that he was working in "Cloud Kikuyuland" where the normal laws of evidence have no meaning. After one of Pritt's half-audible insults, Somerhough protested furiously, "How dare you, sir! It is intolerable and impossible! I cannot go on."

Pritt had his own grievances. "I have been exasperated in this case but I have tried to go on."

Thacker, the magistrate, deeply distressed and caught between the two, plaintively made his statement. "I am not used to dealing with abuse and have little training in it. . . . There have been occasions during this trial when I have felt it almost impossible to go on, and this is one of them."

In a way he was the most pitiable figure of all, trying the last case of his career, suffering from toothache, flying to his dentist five hundred miles away on weekends and during recesses, guarded night and day by English bodyguards because, as an acquaintance of his put it, "If he convicts them the Mau Mau get him." Laboriously he took longhand notes on the interrogations, asking counsel or witnesses to repeat things occasionally that he didn't catch, exhausted from the long strain of the trial and of the steamy atmosphere of conflict.

In the little Kapenguria courtroom the trial had become an abortive and unsatisfactory political battle in which few points were made but everybody's bitterness deepened. The rift between the races grew wider. The testimony at the trial seemed to be clarifying no issues and demolishing no barriers. Near the end of his days on the stand Kenyatta said, "The disease of the heart cannot be cut out with a knife."

The Defense

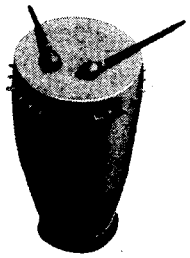
After the long succession of witnesses and the special drama of Kenyatta in the box, after all the turbulent questions that had been raised, Pritt's defense seemed short and relatively flat. It consisted mostly of contradictions of what the prosecution witnesses had claimed. Witnesses who were supposed to have been at oath-taking ceremonies described earlier in the trial appeared to testify that Kenyatta had not been present. For the one prosecution witness who testified he had been present to see Kenyatta administer the Mau Mau oath, Pritt produced ten to say he was lying. To refute the prosecution witness who had connected Kenyatta with the Mau Mau initiation ceremony, Pritt produced eight men with contradictory evidence.

One woman whom Pritt called to the box was obviously rattled by the whole procedure. She claimed that the statement she had made for the prosecution had been extracted by threats and force. A police officer, she said, had threatened to take her up in a plane and drop her out.

Why, if the statement was false, had she allowed her thumbprint to be put to it? (But that she should feel that a thumbprint should have any authority was open to question.) Well, her hand had been held by force. To her, clearly it all seemed quite reasonable. "I wanted to be released and go away," she said. "I wanted to be returned to the place where I lived." But most of the spectators must have sympathized with Thacker when he said it was a very peculiar position. "I cannot follow the African mind, I'm afraid," he added sadly.

"The question," an English lawyer who had practiced for some years in Kenya remarked to me, "should be, 'Does the African mind follow Thacker?' In court," he continued, "as you watch these solemn black faces listening to English questions, translations, interpretations, the whole elaborate business of English court procedure, what on earth do you suppose they make of it?"

I asked him what is the biggest stumbling block in legal forms to most of the Africans. "The laws of evidence, I think," he answered. "Especially what is hearsay and what isn't. You ask a man how he knows something, and he says, 'The Chief told me—how else would I know?' You tell him, 'But in that case you don't *know*, you *heard*.' He doesn't understand at all and



says, 'But I just explained, I know because the Chief told me.' Of course," he added, "when you reach philosophic concepts like 'a reasonable doubt' you're really lost." Most Africans, he assured me, think in terms of testing innocence by ordeal.

How, I asked him, would they react to the Kenyatta trial—surely they didn't see it as an elaborate ordeal to test him.

"The purpose of a trial like this wouldn't, in their minds, be to establish guilt or innocence. Everyone would know that Kenyatta was Mau Mau. To them the only remaining thing is to settle how much he has to pay—how many goats or cattle."

Pritt's Questions

However it may have appeared to the Africans, the Europeans for the most part didn't seem too surprised by all the shifts and contradictions of testimony. Such, apparently, was only to be expected from Africans, and only added another sort of mistiness to an already obscure situation.

Pritt, in his final address to the court, which he read in a monotone at breathtaking speed, used the general obscurity to claim that there was never a real case against his clients at all. In fact, he said, the prosecution had never really decided just what the charges against Kenyatta were. He flung a series of questions calculated to disturb almost anyone in Kenya. If Kenyatta was charged with managing Mau Mau, then the prosecution's job should be to show just what it was that he was managing. Why, and in what fashion? In what office? With what policy or with what documents? Was he the sole manager? Was he just one of a number of members of the management? And, of course, at the heart of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all these questions was a problem of very long standing: What was Mau Mau?

Not only, Pritt continued, were the charges "vague and woolly," but the evidence produced by the prosecution was designed to show that Kenyatta was sympathetic to Mau Mau, that he had not denounced it forcibly enough, that he was anti-European, or even, to push it to its furthest limits, that he had taken the Mau Mau oath. Of course, Pritt said, the defense claimed that most of this was untrue, but even if it were true, " . . . the charge is not of being friendly to Mau Mau or of lacking in zeal in discouraging Mau Mau. The charge is of managing Mau Mau."

As to the political aspects of the case, Pritt insisted that Kenyatta had never said or written anything in contradiction of the published statements of the moderate and constitutional policy of the Kenya African Union. Obviously, he indicated, the answer was that the government did not wish these Africans to carry on propaganda of the sort demanding "more land for the Africans," as this would tend to be embarrassing to the British.

One by one Pritt checked off the points made against his client in the prosecution's case: the points about the oath taking which he felt had been refuted by the testimony of his witnesses, then the evidence of the three deviationist K.A.U. officials, who, he said, were "almost as obsessed with Mau Mau as a Washington politician is with Communism." These men had demanded that Kenyatta denounce Mau Mau, which he had done; the rest of their evidence could not be credited.

On the various occasions that Kenyatta had spoken in public against Mau Mau there was no evidence that he was not sincere. And as for the various songbooks, hymnbooks, and exercise books that had contained verses in praise of Kenyatta, well, the accused could not be held responsible for anything that anybody thought fit to write about him, and the fact that some of the documents were found in his house certainly did not prove either that they were his property or that he had any connection with them.

That, said Pritt, was the whole of the case against Kenyatta in this "very important political prosecution." Clearly, he concluded, Kenyatta and the other five accused should be acquitted.

Somerhough's Summation

Somerhough, immediately on beginning his final address, protested that Kenyatta's trial and prosecution were certainly not "political"; however, "it would be a fair retort to say that the court had heard a political defense."

But it was when Somerhough began to reply to Pritt's "Where?" "Why?" and "How?" that the true and very broad political aspects of the case emerged. The answer to "Where is Mau Mau?" was simple, said the prosecution counsel. Mau Mau was in Kenya. This was, of course, altogether too simple for some of the observers of the trial to swallow without any mental chewing. It stated a fact without either answering the question or accepting its real, and to Kenyans extremely important, meaning.

The answer to "Why?" was slightly more complicated. "If the Crown were asked why it has suggested that these people should have managed and controlled Mau Mau, the answer would be 'the lust for power.' It must be that, and can't really be anything else." (Of course it could be something else. It could be several other things ranging from nationalist fervor to gangsterism.) "It has increased their prestige and increased their hold on the people so that they could exercise more power."

Possibly unintentionally, Somerhough by this statement made it clear that this was, after all, a political trial. Possibly unintentionally, he had suggested that the danger of Kenyatta and the other five accused lay in their increased prestige. If participation in Mau Mau had given them greater standing with their own people, then the political strength and use of such an organization became obvious, and Mau Mau appeared as much more than the amorphous and inexplicable thing that Somerhough himself later described as "a purely barbaric movement accompanied by circumstances of revolting savagery."

The answer to "How?" was, again, Somerhough continued, fairly simple. Mau Mau was run largely by propaganda. Africans were told that they had been robbed of their land. They were encouraged to drive out the Europeans, and in the hymnbooks designed to spread the propaganda there were "fantastic allegations about slavery and that sort of thing." But the real damage was done to the "simple African" who was being taught to feel he had grievances.

Immediately after this, Somer-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hough tacitly accepted the political and emotional power of those grievances—imaginary or otherwise—in his comment that if you can find people "to follow their leaders and do as they are told, obey the orders of the leaders and to come when they are called, then you are building up an army of persons who are bound to you by a strong sanction. This sanction appears to have reached a strength which it is very difficult for a European to comprehend." To the foreigner the striking point was that it is a sanction that for the Kikuyu, at least, superseded both their previous emotional ties of loyalty or affection to the Europeans and their political ties to the government.

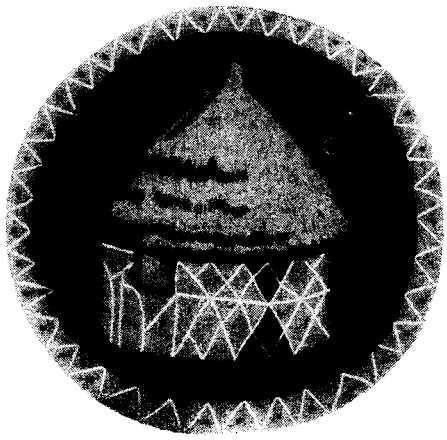
Kenyatta, Somerhough concluded from his replies to Pritt's queries, was the only man with the "personality and the education" to manage an organization of the scope of Mau Mau.

Later in his speech, Somerhough came to the heart of the tangled situation in Kenya that had made the trial such an extraordinarily bewildering series of cross purposes and muddles, and in a way diagnosed the sickness of most of Africa. "We maintain that Mau Mau can only flourish in an atmosphere of hatred between the races. It is no good telling Africans to drive out Europeans, or to tell Europeans to do likewise if they like each other. Neither party will listen to you. The only soil in which Mau Mau could flourish would be in soil poisoned by racial hatred."

Among the Africans of various shades of political opinion to whom I talked in Kenya, certainly none would have disagreed with Somerhough. They might, however, have wondered where the poisoning of the soil had begun. In colonization or in Kikuyu land hunger? In economic grievances or in anti-European propaganda? In the color bar or in Mau Mau?

The Verdict

During the month that Thacker spent considering the evidence and the cases of the defense and the prosecution, Kenyatta's case remained in the news and in the horrified conversation of Kenyans. New Mau Mau conspiracies were discovered. Some of the remaining African leaders who were Members of the Kenya Parliament and had always been represented as moderates were imprisoned after a dramatic night raid in Nairobi. This inevitably emphasized the political ill-health of the entire colony. Some days before Thacker gave his verdict, Mau Mau's biggest and most senseless atrocity took place. A hundred and fifty Kikuyu were killed in one night in one of the African locations called Lari. Their villages were burned to the ground, and the people who tried to escape from the blazing huts were chopped to death with the *pangas, simis,* and *rungus*—the three typical varieties of knife—of the waiting terrorists. One story said that the massacre had been planned in protest against Kenyatta's conviction and sentence,



which the Africans had anticipated, but something had slipped up and the timing had been entirely misjudged. Another rumor said that Thacker had delayed giving his verdict because he was afraid, if the mistimed massacre was any sample, of the carnage that might result.

Another news item in the month before the verdict concerned Pritt's departure from Kenya with the honors given him by the Nairobi Africans—a stool, a robe of colobus monkey skins, and a fly whisk—the traditional equipment of an African tribal elder.

Most of the Europeans of Kenya seemed to feel that Pritt had only contributed to the worsening of the situation; that he had so played up the race war and political angles of the trial that he had really done the Africans a disservice and made it much harder for them to deal in a friendly and equitable way with the Europeans in the future. But I think an African I talked to about this spoke for many of his countrymen when he said, "It is very wonderful for us to see an Englishman fight so bravely on the side of an African."

EVENTUALLY, protected by soldiers and Sten guns, Thacker gave his verdict in the Kapenguria schoolroom. For Kenyatta and the other five accused, the sentence was seven years' hard labor—the maximum he had the authority to impose, though even that, he said in the course of his speech, was "quite inadequate" for what Kenyatta had done.

Kenyatta replied that he and his colleagues were not guilty and did not accept the magistrate's ruling. In his opinion the purpose of the trial was simply to strangle the K.A.U., "the only African political organization which fights for the rights of African people." The world, he said, was meant for human beings to live in happily. Consequently he would continue to object to racial discrimination and would continue to demand—in a constitutional way—the return of African land and eventual self-government. "I am not," he said, "asking for mercy, but that justice might be done and that injustice against the African people should be righted."

Thacker, apparently despairing of any solution for Kenya's problems, said, "I am sorry to say I don't believe you."

EARLY in the trial Pritt had said, casually, "It is more important to fight this case than to win it." Now, a year later, it is clear that in one way or another the case is still being fought—before the Privy Council in England and in the mountains of Kenya. Nobody in Kenya or the world can now accept that the Kenyatta trial and sentence have meant the end of Mau Mau. It is much more probable that they have marked the beginning of perhaps one of the most inflammatory chapters in history—the political and emotional self-assertion of the Africans in the eastern, central, and southern countries of their immense continent.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pakistan: Dilemmas Of an Islamic Welfare State

J. H. HUIZINGA

NOBODY was more surprised than the Pakistanis themselves by the great uproar that arose, especially in India, a few months ago over reports of an impending swap of Pakistani bases for U.S. military aid. During the six weeks I was in Pakistan last autumn I never heard any reference to the possibility or the desirability of such a deal.

This is not to say that the Indian type of neutralism has gained ascendancy in Pakistan—far from it. While India, rightly or wrongly, has made a cult of neutrality, Pakistan has simply considered neutrality the best of all calculated risks because, all things considered, the advantages of any military alliance, in view of Pakistan's political and strategic position, don't seem worth the price. But if Pakistan were able to secure at least some military advantages without paying for them, that would obviously be another matter. And that appears to be the present status of the "deal" between Pakistan and the United States.

THE REASONS for the absence of neutralism of the Indian variety in Pakistan are many and obvious. India's vast size, geographical position, and long history all entitle it to be considered a world power. Pakistanis, despite their nation's seventy-six millions, speak apologetically of their brand-new and still fragile state as "only a small country." Pakistan's present leaders, unlike India's, never took to Marx, and hence do not feel any secret yearnings to placate the U.S.S.R. Pakistan takes great pride in its impressive army and the military prowess of its troops as demonstrated in two world wars, while India with no less reason prides itself rather on its unique achievement of defeating imperial Britain by nonviolence.

Finally, of course, the Pakistanis are scared stiff, not so much of their unknown Russian neighbor in the north as of the great and very familiar Indian neighbor, who not only disputes their claim to Kashmir but also is suspected of harboring much the same feelings toward their new state as the Arabs do toward Israel. This, of course, has a great deal to do with both Pakistan's interest in western aid and India's outrage over the United States-Pakistan "deal."

Experiment in Statemaking

Pakistan, like Israel, is the result of one of history's strange experiments in statecraft. Few men, even ultranationalists, would have dreamt of making a federal state out of two regions separated not only by a linguistic barrier but by more than a thousand miles of none too friendly foreign territory. The idea of an independent country had not occurred even to the boldest Moslems in India until twenty years ago, and was then dismissed by nearly all leading Moslems as a mere "students' dream." It became a more serious project in the late 1930's, but the idea of a *united* Pakistan straddling the Indian colossus is younger still. Yet on August 15, 1947, this recklessly bold conception became reality—not because the huge problems it raised had been solved but because with magnificent daring they had been swept aside. The founding fathers simply decreed "Pakistan shall be" and presto, it appeared.

It was the British who made the miracle possible since they had given India a federal structure, complete with a central government, provincial governments, a constitution, and, perhaps most important of all, a federal way of looking at things.

Of course this edifice was a prefab of British make, an emergency structure that still had to be replaced by a permanent one of local design. Only when they came to planning this did the Pakistani architects finally come face to face with all of the more profound difficulties.

The Bengalis of East Pakistan demanded that their language should at least have parity with the Urdu of West Pakistan, and this has already given rise to the fear that the Pushtu speakers of the North-West Frontier Province will soon insist on similar rights. Then there is the wrangle over the location of the capital, which has been resolved by a weird expedient: Karachi remains the federal capital; but for every other session, parliament and presumably a good part of the governmental apparatus move at considerable expense to Dacca, the capital of East Pakistan, eleven hundred miles away. Finally, the founding fathers of Pakistan have had to decide that at no time shall the two top governmental jobs be held by men from the same zone; if the Head of the State is a Bengali, then the Premier must be from West Pakistan.

The Bengalis claim the lion's share of the seats in the Federal Assembly on the strength of their greater numbers (42,119,000 as against West Pakistan's 33,568,000 in 1951), while the West Pakistanis claim it on the strength of their greater contribution to the federal exchequer and the armed forces. Some representatives of each area carry their fears of "domination" by the other to the point where they openly proclaim their disbelief in the durability of the nation.

Faith and Public Works

It would be tragic if the very faith to which Pakistan owes its birth and survival were to prove its undoing. Yet that danger has recently been much to the fore in Karachi. Most of the statesmen there maintain that the choice confronting the nation is to be Islamic or not to be, but some see the choice rather as to be secular or not to be. The latter cite the example of Turkey: If that long-established nation needed the secular leadership of a Mustapha Kemal

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atatürk to meet the challenge of modernity, how much more so does the artificial State of Pakistan?

The constitution makers in Karachi have chosen Allah instead of Atatürk. It has been laid down in the draft constitution that the revealed legislation of the Prophet shall be the supreme law of the land. Parliament "shall not enact any law which is repugnant to the Holy Koran and the Sunnah." It is not difficult to see that the writers of this document, many of them anything but religious fanatics, had little choice. How could they dissociate their state from the religion in whose very name it had been proclaimed six years before?

Whether the pessimistic anticipations of the secularists will be justified depends on how the divine law will be interpreted and by whom. The original proposal was that this task should be entrusted to a group of five Islamic scholars—a system clearly difficult to reconcile with the principles of representative government. The more progressive spirits have come up with an argument that enables them to quash this idea without incurring the odium of appearing to be bad Moslems.

They insist that in Islam—the pure democratic Islam of the Prophet's revelation—there is no scope for ecclesiastical lawgivers because in Islam every worshiper is so close to his God that there is no room for a mediator or interpreter between them; in Islam all men are equal; in Islam, therefore, it is the consensus of the faithful that determines the true interpretation of the faith; ergo, the only practical vehicle for this purpose is a popular legislature.

Despite the success of this argument, a great deal remains to be done before democracy can be expected to put down firm roots. Even though the present one-party state may soon become a two-party state, the competing parties will probably still represent much the same upper-class minority social and economic interests, and as such profess much the same ideologies; the masses will still have no party of their own.

THESE UNDERPRIVILEGED masses will have to achieve through economic and political organization that minimum of material well-being required to make them see political freedom not as something with real value only for the rich but as a luxury they too can afford. On the other hand the ruling class itself, at its own expense and in its own interest, will have to raise the masses to this level. This cannot be done without two things: time and peace.

What is Pakistan's ruling class doing to acquit itself of its responsibility? It does not seem to be lacking in good intentions. These are laid down in no less a document than the constitution, which, in its "Directives of State Policy," stipulates that there shall be no excessive concentration of wealth and that the state must provide the basic necessities of life to all those unable to earn them. Indeed, it gives practically the full recipe for the welfare state. It is too soon to say what will come of all this, though the fact that taxes take nearly as large a slice of the higher incomes as they do in Britain is an indication that Pakistan's rulers are prepared to practice what they preach. Although the different provincial schemes for land reform, for instance, have not yet progressed very far, development plans involving a total expenditure of almost $600 million for a period of six years look impressive.

WHAT OFFERS even more ground for hope is that those who tell the masses that social democracy is an idle dream have not been very effective. The Communist Party appears to have little following aside from a small group of intellectuals in East Pakistan, and even there it failed to win a single seat in the last provincial election.

Law and order have reigned with only one momentary breakdown up to this point. In March, 1953, a dispute about the true faith (of which there are no less than seventy-two varieties) led to rioting on such a scale that the army had to be called in to restore order. When the authorities take a step of this sort, the press invariably raises such a howl that the cause of Pakistani freedom seems in good hands.

The unknown quantities are still time and peace. The leaders of Pakistan must ultimately decide whether the proposed "deal" with the United States is likely to prolong the time and preserve the peace.

A G.O.P. Congressman's Views On Security Investigations

REPRESENTATIVE PETER FRELINGHUYSEN, Jr.

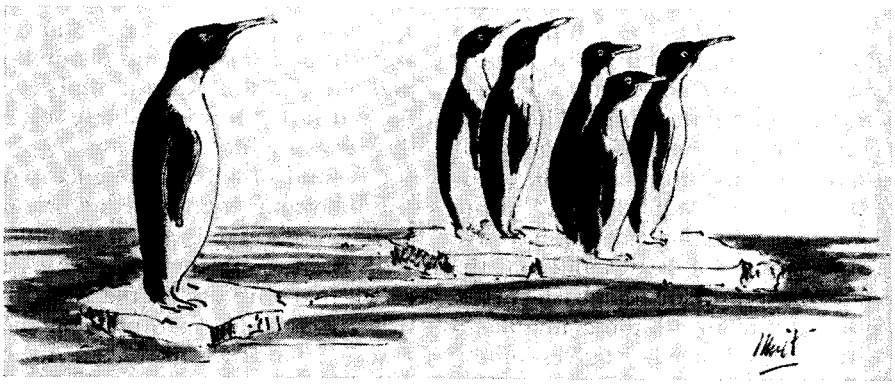
AS A FRESHMAN Representative, I have been impressed by the important role played by Congressional committees. When they function well, as most of them do, they contribute greatly to the passage of important legislation. I have also been surprised at the relatively small degree of partisanship displayed in most of these bodies. As a member of the Veterans' Affairs Committee, I have seen little evidence that either Republicans or Democrats are thinking of veterans' problems in an exclusively political way.

Even more surprising to me is the small degree of political fireworks on the House Education and Labor Committee. Although individual members have sharply differing opinions, all witnesses are given a full and fair hearing. Each of us has realized that the basic question—the adequacy of present labor-management relations legislation—needs to be considered objectively. So far, at least, partisanship has been minimized. Unfortunately the general objectivity and balance that characterize most of our committees do not carry over to the competing committees in the field of subversive activities.

COMPETITION for publicity among investigating committees is a serious fault, as witness the extraordinary spectacle of the subpoenaing

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

contest between Senator William Jenner's Internal Security Subcommittee and Representative Harold H. Velde's Un-American Activities Committee following the now-famous Chicago Executives Club speech of Attorney General Herbert Brownell last November 6. Another



fault is the failure on the part of some committees to afford adequate protection to witnesses. As a result, some persons oppose *all* Congressional investigating committees. They feel these committees do more harm than good, and that Congress should restrict its investigations to the gathering of information needed in the preparation of legislation. I do not hold this view. When properly employed, the investigatory function is an extremely valuable one.

The La Follette Senate Civil Liberties Committee of 1936 did not confine itself to preparing legislation. By its investigations and exposure of substandard working and living conditions it laid the groundwork for the social reforms which followed during the next decade or so. The Truman investigating committee during the Second World War earned general commendation for exposure of inefficiencies in our military procurement program. The Johnson Preparedness Subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee, which carried on this type of investigation during the Korean War, did another fine job. So did the King subcommittee, which investigated tax frauds, and the Fulbright subcommittee, which looked into the operations of the RFC.

Such investigating committees can serve two valuable functions:

¶ They can help Congress to carry out its role of "overseeing" the work of the Executive departments. This function is an essential part of our system of checks and balances. It has become increasingly important with the growth of bureaucracy and the insulation of many governmental decisions from public opinion.

¶ They can help Congress to perform what Woodrow Wilson called the "informing" function; that is, they can help educate the people and aid them in securing the facts they need to perform as intelligent and responsible citizens.

Investigating committees in the field of subversive activities need not be excepted from the above generalizations. In the field of internal security, as in others, Congress can do a useful and constructive job in "overseeing" the work of the Executive branch. The primary responsibility for investigating subversion and for reassuring the public rests with the Justice Department and the FBI. The role of the legislative branch should be of a general supervisory character, with Congressional investigating committees serving as "watchdogs" to check on the performance of the Executive branch. Certainly their primary function should not be to develop ammunition to be used for political purposes.

Proposed Joint Committee

How then should Congress deal with the problems presented by the various competing committees investigating subversive activities?

The problem can best be handled, it seems to me, by the establishment of a single Joint Committee on Internal Security, which would have exclusive jurisdiction in this field. On the opening day of this session of Congress I introduced Joint Resolution 328, providing for such a joint committee.

A number of considerations led me to make this proposal. As I have stated, Congressional investigating committees have a highly important role to play. They must be employed, however, in an intelligent, fair, and impartial manner. What is needed is a means of curtailing such publicity competitions among the committees as the Jenner-Velde affair. It is also important that investigation of subversives be put on an objective nonpartisan level so as to ensure full public support. A joint committee seems uniquely appropriate.

ANOTHER advantage of a joint committee is that it provides for a chairmanship alternating between House and Senate Members. This provision—which could well apply to all joint committees—is especially important in the field of subversive activities. It would tend to reduce the possibility of any one person developing a vested interest in investigating subversives. It might encourage the committee to work as a unit rather than as a mere tool of a particular chairman.

The question of efficiency is also involved. Under the present system, with at least three committees going off in different directions, it is obvious that the energy and resources of Congress are dissipated. From the standpoint of efficient Legislative-Executive relations, furthermore, the joint committee would facilitate closer co-operation. The Justice Department and the FBI would have to deal with only one committee.

The resolution I have introduced contains also a number of fair-play provisions. These would afford witnesses protections similar to those they would receive in a court of law. The problem of developing such a code of procedures, I realize, is not necessarily tied up with the proposal for a joint committee. Other resolutions dealing exclusively with the question of investigating-committee procedures have been introduced. This problem of the rights of witnesses, nonetheless, is one that arises most frequently in connection with investigations of alleged subversion. While considering the question of establishing a single committee in this field, therefore, Congress should have the opportunity to pass upon

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the question of the rights of witnesses. In that way Congress can establish basic committee procedures. The question of adequate protection for witnesses is so fundamental that it should not simply be left to the committee itself.

Even the Democrats

Another important motivation behind my proposal is a desire to take the question of Communism out of the political arena. This is a field where, in the national interest, there is great need for reducing partisanship. If there is a continuing threat that Communists will penetrate into policymaking positions, both parties are equally interested. If adequate security precautions are being taken, both parties want the public to know it. A single committee can handle these problems more thoroughly and effectively than the three-ring bedlam now in effect.

By its very nature the topic of internal subversion arouses fundamental fears and emotions. Nothing would divide a nation or stir its most violent emotions more than a continuing political war based upon charges that a political party has betrayed the national security. Moreover, these same emotions, if not properly tempered and channeled, could even serve as a real threat to stable representative government.

In the final analysis, representative government is based upon the citizen's trust in the essential good will and integrity of his fellow citizens. Party government works because we have faith that members of both parties will generally strive for what they conceive to be the best interests of the nation. We abide by the rules of the game. These prescribe that we provide basic support to the party that wins the election and permit that party to govern.

Underlying the disagreements over specific issues and the natural competition between parties has ever been a fundamental respect for the patriotism of the Opposition.

If "Communists in government" is permitted to continue as a major issue between our political parties, I believe that this fundamental of our political system can become seriously corroded. National unity cannot be maintained when the loyalty of a great political party is constantly being impugned. If you increase people's fears, you eventually sap their strength.

The problem of how best to handle the questions of internal security, like those of foreign policy and military security, should be dealt with on a nonpartisan basis. This is so not only because of the character of the general subject matter but also because charges against individuals are involved—charges similar to those coming before the courts. Naturally, I recognize that party responsibility makes complete agreement between the parties unlikely. The problem of subversion, however, could be handled more *effectively* if conducted on less of a partisan basis. A single joint committee, with competent personnel and sufficient prestige, would help bring this about.

Foreign-Affairs Aspects

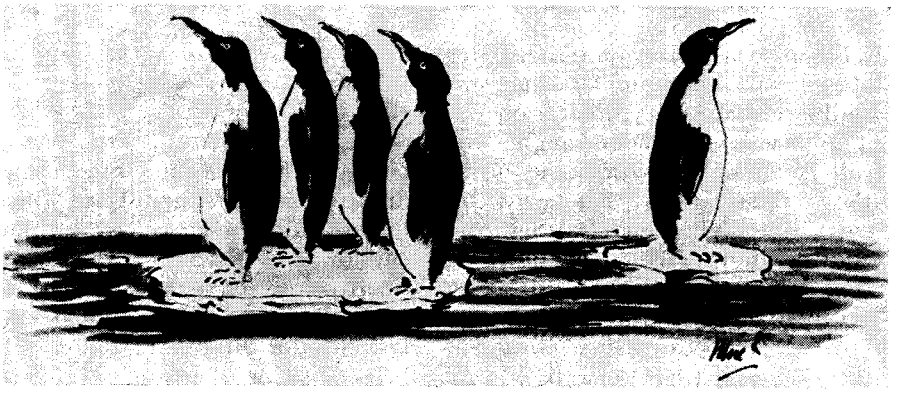
The divisive effects of Communism as a political issue are not only domestic in character. They carry over into our international relations, particularly into our relations with our Allies. The nations of Europe, many of which have long histories as great powers, have a natural reluctance to accept the United States as undisputed leader of the western coalition. We should understand this, and win their confidence by demonstrating our capacity for leadership. Maintaining an effective coalition against Soviet aggression would be ticklish enough even if the United States were able to present a perfect picture of maturity and unity in its domestic affairs. When we appear to be seriously dividing our nation with intemperate charges, it becomes even more difficult to maintain the respect and faith of our Allies. Sharp disunity at home could discourage the unity we need abroad.

I REALIZE that many veteran legislators will view my proposal for a Joint Committee on Internal Security as impractical. Because it would require an alteration of our present committee structure, it inevitably runs into certain powerful vested interests. Certainly the present odds are against the resolution's getting out of the Rules Committee this session.

On the other hand, the problem my proposal seeks to remedy is one of more than ordinary importance. It is a problem that has far-reaching domestic and international implications. Perhaps public opinion will before long force leaders of both parties to take positive steps toward reforming present procedures.

This question of handling adequately the problem of internal security is only one of a number of related problems which require a degree of maturity and stability not demanded even a few decades ago.

Certainly such problems cannot be solved by any gimmick—not a joint committee, a code of fair play, or anything else that simple. The final solution will depend upon what kind of public attitude American citizens finally develop on these questions. In the interim, however, I do believe that the types of machinery and procedures we employ are important. They can serve as a brake upon violent emotions. They can help us direct those emotions into more constructive channels. Such proposals can serve also as a rallying point for those seeking to educate the public concerning the necessity of maintaining its equilibrium and sense of proportion. In that way we can help protect our most important possessions — representative government and our rights and freedoms as American citizens.



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norwalk, NATO, and the V.F.W.: 'What's All the Hollering?'

GEORGE W. GROH

FOR THREE DAYS in January, the citizens of Norwalk, Connecticut, had the very considerable responsibility of representing the United States to the rest of the free world. The National Council of NATO had selected Norwalk, a city of fifty-five thousand, as a showcase for "democracy in action." Journalists from eight NATO nations were invited to see how typical Americans work, live, and rule themselves.

A guided tour is usually a pretty dull affair, but this time the journalists had no complaint. A small group of Norwalk citizens enlivened the occasion with a civic spy hunt.

As most of America knows by now, the spy hunters were members of Post 603 (Mulvoy-Tarlov-Acquino Post), Veterans of Foreign Wars. Officials of the organization announced that they were compiling secret dossiers on Norwalk citizens accused of subversive activity. It was also said that the post had set up a committee to screen accusations before passing them on to the FBI.

The NATO newsmen arrived in Norwalk ten days after the first public announcement of the campaign. By that time, Norwalk's spy hunt was being carried on amid the clatter of teletypes and under the surveillance of television cameras. The NATO newsmen caught the full flavor of accusation and heard the recriminations that arose on every side. Whatever else they concluded, they must have observed that there is no lack of speaking up in America. If they took the spy hunt at face value, however, and if they believed that Norwalk was indeed typical, then perhaps they concluded that in America the ruling passions are anger and fear.

THE NATO observers encountered Norwalk at the high moment of an emotional binge. So, for that matter, did the millions of Americans who glanced at a headline or caught a brief flicker on the television screen. But they missed the more subdued, and perhaps more reassuring, spectacle of Norwalk's hangover.

Norwalk is not actually a typical city to any marked degree. Perhaps that's why it was chosen to represent a many-sided nation. Its industry—small, diversified, and rather prosperous—normally employs some ten thousand people. For the past seven months, some fifteen hundred of these have been on strike at the Hat Corporation of America. The

city also houses some fifteen hundred commuters, most of them upper-grade white-collar workers employed in New York. There is a small colony of artists and writers. Norwalk was the home of the late Senator Brien McMahon, who helped guide our entry into the atomic age. It is also the home of Mrs. Suzanne Silvercruys Stevenson, founder of the Minute Women of America.

Though long a Democratic stronghold, Norwalk went solidly for Eisenhower in 1952. But Mayor Irving C. Freese, the leading local politician, is about as independent as they come. He ran as a Socialist candidate, in a city that has never had more than seventy-five Socialist Party members, and was twice elected mayor. Then he split with the Socialists, formed his own Independent Party, and was elected twice again. He has been mayor since 1947.

Freese describes Norwalk as "a pleasant place to work and live. At least," he adds, "that's what I'd like to think that it is."

The Scoop

The announcement of a general spy hunt was almost accidental:

William A. Walden, Jr., a reporter for the Norwalk *Hour*, got hold of a routine news release announcing that Post 603 would participate in a V.F.W. national membership drive. In the release there was a vague reference to the proposition that veterans must band together and keep America strong. Walden is a member of Post 603, though not a very active one, and he wanted to do what he could to help the membership drive along. Also he thought he sniffed a story. He placed a few phone calls, checked his hunch, and parlayed a two-paragraph item into a big, black eight-column headline: VFW ENLISTS FBI AID TO CURB SUBVERSIVES; NAMES ARE FORWARDED TO SECURITY OFFICIALS.

The story said a lot and left a lot unsaid. The gist of it was contained in these three paragraphs:

"With the announcement [of National Membership Week] it became known from sources close to the officials of the Norwalk post that names of Norwalk residents whose activities are questionable have been reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

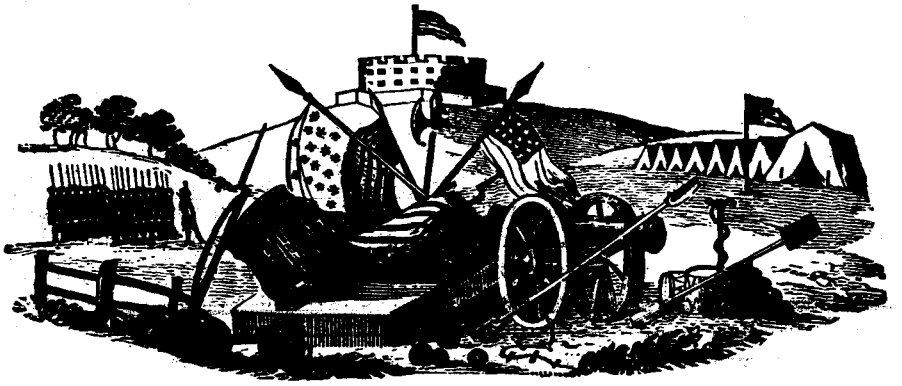
"In the interests of security the local V.F.W. officials are guarding the information they have obtained and the names under a veil of secrecy.

"One high V.F.W. official, however, confirmed the fact that the names and addresses of people suspected of having an interest in activities not related to a strong America have been forwarded to the proper authorities."

Norwalk's reaction to this news was a relatively calm one. Nobody

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looked under the bed for a Red. For that matter, nobody looked under the bed for a Veteran of Foreign Wars. Perhaps the outlines of the program were too hazy to excite immediate general interest. Four days



passed before the *Hour* printed the first letter of public reaction.

The letter, signed by Arthur B. Harris, took a favorable view. Harris particularly endorsed the precautions for secrecy. "For otherwise," he wrote, "the accused would know his accuser with the result, as unhappy experience has revealed, that the accusation would be subjected to almost unlimited criticism from the accused."

Three days later the *Hour* printed an unfavorable reaction from six schoolteachers. The teachers took particular exception to secret accusation as a security measure. "Wherein," they asked, "lies the security of the individual to be confronted by his accusers, and by the charges against him?"

The controversy that followed—and it followed very shortly—revolved mostly around that point. The Connecticut state chapter of Americans for Democratic Action fanned it along with a newspaper ad describing the procedure as un-American to the core. The New York *Times* picked up the story and put it on the front page January 27. Senator McCarthy applauded the program as "an excellent idea." Representative Harold H. Velde tried to get in on the act. President Eisenhower was asked to comment at his press conference.

It was precisely at this point, on January 26, that the NATO journalists arrived in Norwalk to observe democracy in action. When they left three days later, some of them were still blinking their eyes.

President Eisenhower touched on the question only briefly and left it largely unresolved. He said that he didn't see how anybody could be prevented from reporting Communist suspects, and suggested that there are libel and slander laws for dealing with false charges. In Norwalk, of course, the citizens were not informed as to who was being charged with what.

Representative Velde's contribution was a hasty suggestion that Post 603 submit names to him too. In this, as in a more notable instance, Velde didn't quite catch the boat. The V.F.W. decided to stick with the FBI and stay clear of Congressional committees.

The Comrade Commanders

In Norwalk, the search for subversives was directed by Post Commander Albert Beres and State V.F.W. Commander Charles J. Post, a local resident. Beres, fifty-five, served in the Navy as an enlisted man during the Second World War, collected thirteen battle stars, and came home to operate a successful filling station. He has a profound and unquestioning respect for the channels of authority and organization. "I believe that if you belong to an organization," he said, "you should follow the orders of the commanding officers at all times." In the spy hunt he did just that.

State Commander Post, a forty-three-year-old life-insurance salesman, also served as a Navy enlisted man during the war. He believes that the recent history of our country is a record of betrayal.

"Back in 1926," Post told me, "the V.F.W. passed a resolution asking all veterans to root out the subversives. If we had followed through on that, we could have avoided World War II. We would never have had a Korea."

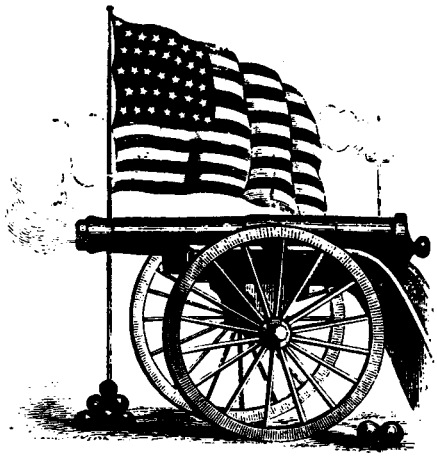
When the spy-hunt clamor became general in Norwalk, Post lifted one corner on the veil of secrecy and gave the public a peep at the program underneath. It was meant to be a reassuring look. Post said that the program was directed by himself and Beres "along with the assistance of a group of post members formed into a screening committee." The committee weighed charges on "membership or affiliation with subversive organizations, literature seen in their homes, and attendance at meetings which the V.F.W. had reason to suspect." Before names were passed on to the FBI, "the person suspected had to appear in V.F.W. files three times from three separate sources."

Post's report raised more questions than it answered. Who were the members of this committee? What were their special qualifications for screening the loyalty of other citizens? How many citizens had been screened? And how long had this been going on?

Post and Beres dismissed the questions with the general statement that nobody was being hurt who didn't deserve to be hurt.

Beres asked, "What's all the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



hollering about? What are they trying to hide? All we do is turn names in to the FBI. They won't be found guilty if the reports aren't true."

Some Norwalk veterans, however, were not so sure that everything would work out for the best where their own reputations were involved. I was asked, for instance, if I were associated with Edward R. Murrow or with the New York *Post*. I was able to reply in the negative concerning both associations, and was informed that I had thereby been spared a punch in the nose. Articles in the *Post* and Murrow's coverage of the affair on radio and television had been critical of V.F.W. conduct in the campaign.

'A Web, a Regular Maze'

Among those who lined up against the campaign was Mayor Freese. He thought it was giving Norwalk an unjustified reputation for both subversion and hysteria. Police Chief Max Orlins added his disapproval on the purely professional ground that amateur gumshoes spoil an investigation almost every time. The principal nonveteran to support the campaign was Stanley Stroffolino, a Norwalk druggist and a former state senator, who ran for mayor in 1951 and lost, although he was the candidate of the Republican, Democratic, and Socialist Parties. Stroffolino announced that he had been conducting his own one-man spy hunt, and said he had discovered, "a web, a regular maze of subversives right here in Norwalk."

The people who took public positions report that they received a flood of letters and phone calls. On both sides and without exception, every spokesman said that the response was overwhelmingly in favor of the position he took. That, of course, is quite possible. Each side may have been cheering its own spokesmen on. The Norwalk *Hour* took no editorial position, and may be considered a neutral source. Editors of the paper's "Public Forum" column report that their brisk mail ran about two to one against the veterans.

Although Wayne E. Richards, national commander of the V.F.W., endorsed Post 603's campaign, not all Norwalk veterans were of one mind. Among the dissenters was William Gesner, a member of the post, who wrote to the *Hour* to disassociate himself from the campaign.

If military service makes a man an expert on patriotism, Gesner is as expert as any. An ex-paratrooper, he is paralyzed from the waist down as the result of wounds that he received in Normandy. He has rebuilt his life from a wheel chair. He is married, is raising a son, and holds down a steady job as clerk in a Norwalk store. Gesner's letter chided the professional veterans who presume on the real or imagined glories of a military past. "A few of these," he wrote, "try to dictate to others as to what should or should not be done, how others should or should not live. They seem to have lost sight of the fact that this is a free country, and that it was for this freedom that we fought."

Many of Post 603's members managed to get through the campaign without coming out either for or against. "I'd say that about thirty per cent of the boys were real hot for this thing," one young veteran observed. "Another fifteen per cent were dead set against it. For the rest of us, the post is a place to drink a little, dance a little, have a few laughs."

A Vote of Confidence

On January 28, post members met behind closed doors to pass judgment on their own campaign. The meeting was attended by about seventy-five veterans, as compared to the usual twenty. (The paid-up membership of Post 603 is about 350.) Outside, some twenty-five representatives of the national press, radio, and television services waited to report the result. Inside, the post officials battled for a vote of confidence that would vindicate them before Norwalk and the nation.

After three hours, Beres invited newsmen in to hear the report. The post had "unanimously adopted a motion expressing confidence in the Americanism activities program. . . . Names of members on the Americanism committee were not disclosed at the specific direction of the membership."

According to some of those who attended, the rank-and-file members raised a row because they had not been consulted or even informed when the screening committee was set up. The program was endorsed, according to this version, after Beres and Post promised that they would never again commit the membership to a campaign without getting approval in advance. Both Post and Beres deny this version, but they have seemed anxious to play down the spy hunt since getting their vote of confidence.

BERES SAID recently, "We don't screen names any more. We pass all of them on to the FBI." Apparently the lesson, as far as Beres is concerned, is that you *can* be too careful how you handle accusations. It's best not to try evaluating them. "I don't have the right," he said, "to question anybody's suspicions."

Post claims now that the screening committee was just a newspaper reporter's misconception. "A committee is anybody," Post told me. "If you report a subversive to me, then you

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I could be a committee on that case."

The founder of the Minute Women of America, Mrs. Stevenson, who is a member of the V.F.W. auxiliary, has said that in fact no secret screening committee ever existed, and Beres, when informed of her statement, seemed to agree. "We underestimated what the public would take as a committee," he said. "We're not looking for nobody. A man's got to make himself prominent in a subversive way before we'll do anything about him."

Although State Commander Post still plans to confer soon with national V.F.W. officials, and says that he expects to receive a renewed endorsement on his handling of the campaign, the Norwalk post has been ordered to suspend activity until an investigation of its methods can be made. "Right now," Post told me, "I'm not taking any names at all. If you come to me and you tell me you know about a subversive, I'll tell you to take it straight to the FBI. There's no reason for me to be involved in it at all."

THERE WOULD have been no controversy, of course, and no campaign, if the veterans had followed that policy from the start.

Only Post and Beres know how far they went in compiling accusations, and they won't say. Maybe the spy hunt never did amount to much. It's an excellent example, though, of a Red scare that got out of control. Two men, a life-insurance salesman and a filling-station operator, announced that they were experts on the American way of life. They received an endorsement from the seventy-five veterans who bothered to attend a meeting and vote. For two weeks, this little band stirred up a city of fifty-five thousand and kicked up a row that was heard across the nation. It was heard also, of course, across the seas.

If their schedule permits, the NATO newsmen might find it interesting to pay a second call on Norwalk. They'd find that the dust has settled somewhat and Norwalk is still there. Some citizens are pleased with the attention their city received, and some are still jittery about subversives, but most of Norwalk would much rather drop the subject.

How Universal Can Suffrage Get?

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

TWICE IN HIS 1954 State of the Union speech, President Eisenhower was applauded with special fervor: when he proposed to take away from convicted Communist conspirators the right to vote and when he proposed to give the right to vote to some six million young Americans aged eighteen, nineteen, and twenty. Of the two projects, the second seems much the more important. Granting the franchise to six million teen-agers is far more likely to affect the governance of the country than taking it away from some dozens or hundreds of unworthy citizens.

Now I have nothing against teen-agers as such. As the father of two, I find them extraordinarily interesting people. And on the whole I am sure today's teen-agers will be more perceptive and more responsible citizens than their elders—when they become adults, which they are not now. But I am not persuaded that granting them the suffrage would raise the level of self-government in America.

The teen-age franchise was by no means a new idea when the President tossed it out to a vigorously applauding Congress in January. It has been talked about since 1917. As a candidate, Mr. Eisenhower came out flatly in favor. His rival, Adlai E. Stevenson, endorsed the idea soon afterward. Nobody has taken the trouble to summon the arguments against it. Yet in reality there is only one argument in its favor. This was stated succinctly by Mr. Eisenhower himself in June, 1952. "I believe if a man is old enough to fight, he is old enough to vote."

It is a meretricious argument, first of all, because voting and fighting are really quite different activities, no matter how similar they may appear in the heat of election campaigns. The qualities they demand of the participant are profoundly different. Most leaders of the armed forces agree that the ideal age for combat troops is from seventeen to twenty. Young men of that age bracket are in their prime physically. And they are so young they will take risks. A certain amount of recklessness is useful in a combat soldier, provided he is under the command of noncoms and other officers with the experience and judgment—and the caution—that are equally as necessary as bravery and daring in the conduct of war.

Some years ago we were all asked to be indignant on behalf of a youthful fighter pilot who returned home on leave from combat, only to find he was still too young to drive an automobile in Massachusetts. This outraged a great many patriotic citizens. Yet I see no inconsistency here. We *should* make full use of young men in fighter aviation, where the object is to make the air unsafe for enemy fliers, but also do what we can to keep young drivers off the highways, where the object is to make motor travel safe.

Reading, Fighting, Arithmetic

There is a selective process in determining who are to fight for their country. Mostly, the selection is physical, though it is also partly mental. It follows logically that in deciding who may vote for their country, the selection should be largely mental. Surely only those citizens who can read should be allowed to cast ballots. I myself would restrict voting to those who not only can read but actually do.

I would even go so far as to limit voting to those who can prove that they quite often read beyond the comic pages of the newspapers, the comic books, and the pulp magazines. This is a rather severe literacy test; it probably would reduce the potential electorate to less than half the total adult population. But I am confident that this narrowed

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

electorate would make wiser, sounder judgments on candidates and issues alike.

But of course this is not a practical proposal. It would not be considered "democratic" to strip the semi-literate of the right to vote. This is a depressing commentary on our time. It is thought undemocratic to discriminate against the ignorant, even to bar them from a single activity—voting—in which ignorance is a crippling handicap. Actually, it would be no more "undemocratic" to disfranchise an ignoramus—a devotee of the comic books, let us say—than for the Army to reject a blind man.

Simple literacy does not confer capacity to vote; it is merely a tool of citizenship. Voting is a process of making and registering judgments in respect to public affairs. It calls for some knowledge of public issues and personalities and some experience on which to found critical judgments.

This is where the teen-ager falls down. Characteristically, he or she has not become much acquainted with public problems, save through classes and textbooks. He is, for instance, quite likely to be unimpressed by the fact that an X mark on a ballot is usually an authorization to somebody to spend somebody else's money.

In fairness, we must notice the exceptions—the bright, civic-minded teen-agers who revel in matters political, and who talk glibly of civil rights, price supports, the treaty power, and the force goals of NATO. But the bright teen-ager's quick absorption of the litanies of politics is not really the same as gaining mature judgment out of experience, much reading, and discussion. If my highly literate eighteen-year-old daughter seems to me singularly wise in political matters, it may be just because her prejudices coincide so exactly with my own.

THE OVER-ALL conclusion can be briefly put. To extend the franchise to the age of eighteen would be to add to the electorate some millions of persons who on the average have less experience, less judgment, and less interest in the area of public affairs than the great electorate of adults, with all their failings.

Fighters are chosen on the basis of fairly realistic and rigorous qualifications. Voters are not. If this deduction is correct, we ought to be narrowing the electorate, not widening it. And in any case, I fail to see why we should widen the electorate by six million youngsters when not more than five per cent of them, on any honest reckoning, are likely to bear arms in actual combat before they become twenty-one-year-old voters under the ancient laws we have been observing.

There is one more point. Personally, I am not greatly exercised about this issue of teen-age voting. But there may be some doughty citizens who *do* feel strongly about it and want to wage a real fight to keep the voting age at twenty-one. To any such, I now offer a superb argument. I merely suggest it. I prefer not to use it myself.

Around the great globe, twenty-one years is almost invariably the minimal age for voting. But there is one major country in which eighteen-year-olds now vote. That country is the Soviet Union.

The Great Cabbage Hoax

MAX HALL

ON THE morning of May 1, 1952, millions of housewives were listening to the NBC radio program named "Double or Nothing." The master of ceremonies, Walter O'Keefe, came to the moment for putting the "grand slam" question. He announced that the contestant who came closest to the correct answer would win eighty dollars. The question was approximately as follows: "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address contains 266 words. The Ten Commandments contain 297 words. The Declaration of Independence contains 300 words. How many words are in the OPS order to reduce the price of cabbage?" The contestants made their guesses, and O'Keefe proclaimed that the correct answer was 26,911 words. He awarded the eighty dollars to the contestant who had come closest. Laughter and applause filled the studio.

The remarkable thing about this episode was that the Office of Price Stabilization had never had a cabbage order of any length whatever. During its entire existence, OPS never attempted to place controls on the price of cabbage.

The first time I heard the claim that OPS had a 26,911-word cabbage order was in August, 1951, nine months before the "Double or Nothing" broadcast. Michael V. DiSalle, then Director of Price Stabilization, was in Memphis, Tennessee, to address the annual convention of the Southern Garment Manufacturers Association, and I was with him by reason of being the OPS Director of Public Information. The toastmaster, introducing DiSalle, made a long speech in the course of which he stated that the Gettysburg Address had 266 words, the Ten Commandments 297, the Declaration of Independence 300, and the OPS cabbage order 26,911. This surprised DiSalle as much as it did me, but he contented himself with beginning his address, "Took the chairman nearly twenty-six thousand words to introduce me."

Bumper Crop

Back in Washington, we soon learned that the cabbage hoax was breaking out in all parts of the country. It showed up in letters to the New York *Daily News*, the Tulsa *Tribune*, and other papers. Editorial writers began taking it as a text. The *New England Homestead*, of Northampton, Massachusetts, printed the item. So did the *Inland Printer*, of Chicago. Someone sent me a food company's newsletter which attributed the cabbage statement to the Grocery Manufacturers of America. I wrote to Paul S. Willis, president of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

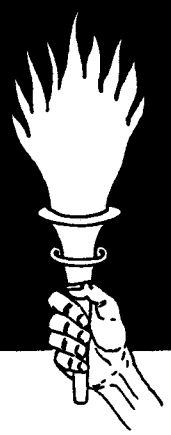
that association. He replied that his staff had included the item in a recent circular because of its humorous slant, but "we did not create it and we have no interest in circulating it." About this time OPS officials who had served in the wartime Office of Price Administration told me that the same story had been circulated in OPA days. It was a hoax then too, for OPA had no 26,911-word regulation devoted to cabbage. (OPA, unlike OPS, did have a regulation covering all fruits and vegetables, cabbage included.)

I did not discover who invented the cabbage hoax in the 1940's, nor who first applied it to OPS in the 1950's, but I know many people and publications that kept it alive. Some, when informed of its apocryphal nature, printed retractions. For example, when the Sheboygan, Wisconsin, *Press* produced an editorial entitled "Too Much Cabbage in OPS Orders," I wrote a polite letter to the editor, and the editor printed my letter under the heading APPARENTLY WE FELL FOR POLITICAL PROPAGANDA. The New York *Herald Tribune* was another paper that apologized, but on the very same day the cabbage story sprang up again in the Redondo Beach, California, *Daily Breeze*.

Let's Play Guessing Games

On November 23, 1951, the Associated Press carried a humorous story about our difficulties in combating the hoax. This story was widely printed and a Philadelphia man wrote hotly to DiSalle asking why cabbage *wasn't* under control. But the A.P. story didn't keep the cabbage order from winning recognition in a newspaper column by Dr. George W. Crane, called "Test Your Horse Sense" and distributed by the Chicago Tribune Syndicate. Problem 6 of "Test Your Horse Sense" as it appeared in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, the Washington *Times-Herald*, and other papers on December 14, 1951, began as follows: "Greatness is often linked with simplicity as you may observe when you try to solve this problem which I have adapted from the 'Inland Printer.' You deserve one point for each correct matching of the items in the left hand column below, with their word length, as indicated in the right

We who are free must light our own way



But light can emanate only from truth—full and balanced. It must shine into every corner of our world, revealing not only *what* the facts are, but also *why* they are . . . and illuminating their often strange and subtle relationship to other facts.

THE REPORTER'S one purpose is to give this *information-in-depth* . . . hours of stimulating reading that charge your mind with new concepts which you will find yourself considering—and applying—in the weeks and months and years that follow.

Because the full value of THE REPORTER is in its continuity, its issue-to-issue analysis of the vital events of our world, we are making this introductory offer to new subscribers

. . . . . Now you can get the next 18 issues for only $2.67 . . . . . a saving of $1.83 from the single-copy price!

For your trial subscription—or if you wish to send a subscription as a gift—mail the enclosed order card today. You need send no money—we will bill you later, if you prefer.

Send the card *now* while you have it right here. That way you won't miss a single one of the important articles in forthcoming issues.

The Reporter

220 East 42nd Street New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand column." The two columns looked like this:

(a)	Lincoln's Gettysburg Address	(v) 66 words
(b)	Declaration of Independence	(w) 197 words
(c)	The Lord's Prayer	(x) 266 words
(d)	The Ten Commandments	(y) 1,348 words
(e)	OPS order to reduce the price of cabbage	(z) 26,911 words

The answer, as supplied by Dr. Crane, brought (e) and (z) into a cozy alliance. It is interesting to note that Dr. Crane avoided the error of ascribing only 300 words to the Declaration of Independence. Most publications had accepted the figure 300 without question. Not the meticulous Dr. Crane. His estimate of 1,348 words comes fairly close to my own count of 1,322 (1,439 including signatures).

Foghorns et Al.

At this point I must digress to take the reader down a curious bypath. Suddenly the final sentence of the hoax began appearing not as a 26,911-word cabbage order but as a 12,962-word regulation on manually operated foghorns.

Though I never discovered the fountainhead of the cabbage hoax, the foghorn version was easy to trace. Its inventor was Ray H. Wilson, who was then the editor of *Business Action* (later changed to *Washington Report*), a weekly publication of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. This is how it happened: The cabbage item came to Wilson's attention. He wanted to reprint it but decided to check its accuracy. In no time he learned that the cabbage order did not exist. Therefore he searched for some other commodity that he could substitute for cabbage. He found foghorns, and on November 10, 1951, *Business Action* published the following:

> 297—Words in Ten Commandments
> 266—Words in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address
> 12,962—Words in OPS order establishing the ceiling price of manually operated foghorns and other manufactured items

What *Business Action* omitted to say was that the "other manufactured items" were about 376 in number and included practically every kind of machinery—for example, oil burners, X-ray apparatus, tractors, trucks, abrasive products, soot blowers, freight cars, well-drilling equipment, escalators, and rock crushers. Wilson had got his hands on the Machinery Regulation, one of the most comprehensive of all OPS orders.

The foghorn version caught on readily. Local Chamber of Commerce publications reprinted it (for example, the Grand Rapids Chamber of Commerce *News* under the heading WONDERS OF BUREAUCRACY). Daily newspapers reprinted it (for example, the Sacramento *Union* under the heading NEW DEAL VERBOSITY). On November 21, 1951, all

members of Congress received a newsletter, unidentified as to source, which contained the following paragraph:

"DISALLE AND WORDAGE: In the Ten Commandments there are 297 words; in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, there are 266 words. In an OPS order establishing a ceiling price on manually operated foghorns, etc., there are 12,962 words."

This item, in which Wilson's phrase "and other manufactured items" had been reduced to an inconspicuous "etc.," appeared forthwith in some of the newsletters which Congressmen write for publication in their home districts. One such newsletter was that of Representative Allan Oakley Hunter of Fresno, California. Hunter's newsletter reached the desk of a Washington correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, who quoted the foghorn item in an N.A.N.A. feature article. Soon thereafter a certain editorial appeared in many small newspapers—for example, in the Anaheim, California, *Bulletin* on January 1, 1952, and in the Pottsville, Pennsylvania, *Republican* on January 31, 1952. The editorial began:

"In one of his Washington columns, Steffan Andrews of the North American Newspaper Alliance quoted a Congressman as saying: 'In the ten commandments there are 297 words, in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address 266 words, but in an OPS order setting ceiling prices on manually operated fog horns there are 12,962 words.' "

By now, as you see, the regulation had become simply an "order setting ceiling prices on manually operated fog horns." Gone were the words "and other manufactured items," and gone was the "etc." The editorial continued:

"No one would expect the masterminds at OPS to produce anything within cannon shot of the ten commandments or the Gettysburg address. But the OPS order on the vital subject of fog horn prices is a perfect example of how the bureaucrats work, once they get a taste of power. The red-tape gets thicker and thicker. The orders become more and more verbose—and, of course, more and more difficult to understand and follow. Some of the orders, in fact, have been masterpieces of utter confusion. . . ."

Back to Cabbages

The foghorn version soon spent itself, but the great cabbage hoax kept rolling along. On January 11, 1952, the New York *Journal of Commerce* published the cabbage yarn, but instantly realized its error. The editors sent word that they would welcome the facts. Almost by return mail I gave them the facts about both cabbage and foghorns, and on January 16 the publisher, B. J. Ridder, put these facts into a front-page column headed KILL THAT STORY. Feeling encouraged, I had my letter reproduced and sent as a memorandum to all OPS offices. As a result, the Youngstown *Vindicator,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and quite a few other papers debunked the hoax. When a Long Island grocer named Harold Stoner inserted the cabbage yarn in an advertisement in the Garden City

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Daily Telegram, an OPS man hurried to the editor with my memorandum. The editor wrote a piece in which he gave the true facts, then added, "And speaking of words, we took the time to count and found out that Mr. Hall himself used 1,008 words to complain about the cabbage hoax in his memorandum."

The truth now seemed to be worming its way into print with increasing frequency, but not fast enough. A businessman in Louisville had the untrue statesments printed on blotters. Rilea W. Doe, a vice-president of Safeway Stores, Inc., recited the cabbage item to the Rotary Club of San Bernardino, California. The Directors Digest of the U.S. Savings and Loan League printed the story and credited it to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press.* The *Wall Street Journal* printed it on March 31, 1952, and credited it to Edward T. Prosser of Hicks & Price, a firm of stockbrokers in Chicago. Morgan Beatty, an NBC commentator, saw it in the *Wall Street Journal* and repeated it on the radio. I telephoned Beatty. He was apologetic. On his next broadcast he explained that no cabbage order existed, and he chided the *Wall Street Journal* for printing the story without checking its accuracy.

No Soap, No Soup

But apparently some people didn't hear Beatty, for on May 1, as already mentioned, "Double or Nothing," another NBC show, awarded an eighty-dollar prize in connection with the cabbage order. Walter O'Keefe had scarcely signed off when Mrs. Leona Eviline Kidwell, of North Arlington, Virginia, dialed OPS headquarters in Washington. Mrs. Kidwell had read somewhere that the cabbage order was a myth, and she called to say that she was downright bewildered. We got in touch with the OPS information officer in Los Angeles, where the radio program had originated. The OPS man asked O'Keefe to correct the mistake on a later program. He also told O'Keefe that he intended to issue a news release to set the record straight.

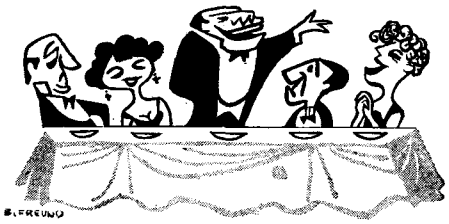
O'Keefe reported later that his sponsor, the Campbell Soup Company, did not want any corrections made. An OPS man then wrote to Ward Wheelock Company of Philadelphia, the sponsor's advertising agency. The reply, dated May 27, 1952, and signed by Robert C. Alexander, was as follows: "We understand your position in the 'cabbage story' and are very glad to help. However, we too have a position. We run a quiz program, and for the most part we have very few errors. When one does occur, we don't want to publicize it. From experience we have found it bad business to try to publicize such mistakes . . ."

Mrs. Kidwell received a chatty letter signed by O'Keefe, praising her alertness and notifying her, "I am sending you an assorted case of Campbell soup." That was almost two years ago. She still hasn't received the soup.

Left at the *Post*

In the summer of 1952 the cabbage yarn was in Walter Winchell's column, Bennett Cerf's column in the *Saturday Review,* and *Tide,* a magazine for the advertising profession. Winchell and *Tide* credited it to the Sales Executive Club of Pittsburgh. Cerf, apparently relying on the *Wall Street Journal,* credited it to Edward T. Prosser of Hicks & Price, Chicago.

Meanwhile Mike DiSalle had been succeeded by Ellis Arnall. Arnall was succeeded by Tighe E. Woods in September, 1952. Woods promptly arranged a series of meetings with housewives. At the Cincinnati meeting on September 23, a woman arose and said: "I call your attention to



the fact that there are 297 words in our immortal Declaration of Independence, but OPS has 26,911 words in an order regulating the price of cabbage." Ohio at that time was the scene of a political race between U.S. Senator John W. Bricker and Mike DiSalle for Bricker's Senate seat. In one speech, Bricker ridiculed OPS for its 26,911-word cabbage regulation. DiSalle promptly offered to give $5,000 to Bricker's campaign fund if Bricker could produce the regulation. Bricker dropped the subject.

Not long afterwards, I left the Office of Price Stabilization. Months passed. One day a friend telephoned and referred me to the editorial page of the February 7, 1953, issue of the *Saturday Evening Post.* This is what I saw:

SOVIET OFFICIAL WORDAGE
OUTDISTANCES EVEN OPS

"The Soviets, as they keep telling us, have invented everything worth inventing . . . Not so long ago, some socialist - minded Washingtonians tried to give the Muscovites a run for their rubles. But the evidence shows that they never really had a chance.

"We cite as witnesses the Sales Executive Club, of Pittsburgh, and a comparatively recent Associated Press dispatch from Moscow. The Pittsburgh executives, probably scribbling carelessly on their club's tablecloth, offer a set of comparative statistics on verbosity. They find that the Lord's Prayer is made of sixty-six words, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address of 264 words, the Ten Commandments of 322 words, and the United States Declaration of Independence of 1318 words. By comparison, these statisticians assert, the Office of Price Stabilization's order setting the price on a head of cabbage ran to 26,911 words."

The editorial then said a factory in Siberia received from the Kharkov Institute of Fire Bricks a questionnaire consisting of 1,487,400 questions—"sure to bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of our OPS."

I have also talked with a naval reserve officer who attended a management training course at the Navy Department in Washington. He reported that the instructor cited the OPS cabbage order as an example of how *not* to do things.

By now there is no doubt in my mind that the next price-control agency, if there is one, will have a 26,911-word cabbage order too. And I was not in the least surprised when a recent Associated Press story from London quoted a Member of Parliament as saying that the Lord's Prayer had 55 words and the Magna Charta 650, but an explanation of Britain's controls on the use of shell eggs required 29,000 words.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'Our Women Are Wonderful,' The American Said Sadly

MARYA MANNES

"I DON'T KNOW WHY," said one delegate to another over lunch, "there is all this fuss about American women. I think they are the most wonderful women in the world."

"I'm glad you think so," said the other delegate, who was an American.

"There is always this criticism," the foreigner went on. "They are cold, they are selfish, they are spoiled, they are this and that. Let me tell you something about *our* women."

The American listened attentively.

"Our women can be only one thing at a time. If they are beauties, they spend their lives being beauties. If they are housewives, that is all they do. If they are intellectuals, they are ugly. If they are rich, they are lazy. If they are poor, they are sad. If they are seductive, they are not anything else. If they aren't seductive, they are social workers. But, ah, my friend, one American woman can be everything! I see what a really free society can do for a woman. It is unique."

"I agree with you," said the American. "I married one. Our women are wonderful."

"AH, YOUR WIFE," said the foreigner. "So beautiful, so talented, so kind."

"She is all of those things," said the American. "And more."

"You say that so sadly, dear fellow. But why?"

"Because no man," said the American, "can live up to that. Because American women are not only our equals. They have become our superiors."

"Nonsense," said the foreigner, without much conviction.

"But it is true. We have lost our ascendancy. Or rather, we have laid it voluntarily at their feet. My God!" said the American, warming up. "Look around you in any restaurant. What do you see? Beautiful, well-groomed, vivacious, healthy women—with homely, badly dressed, tired men."

"You had the handsomest army in the world, dear fellow."

"Ah, yes, the young men. Before they abdicate."

"But why do you abdicate?"

The American shrugged. "Because it is easier that way. Because we are too busy or too tired to impose our will on our women. Why should we, anyway? They are wiser."

The foreigner shook his head. "That is wrong—very wrong. The man must be the leader. It is natural law. It is the only way the human equation can work."

"But it does not produce the American woman—of whom you think so highly. She would never be what she is if she were dominated by her man. It is her very freedom that has made her all those things you see and admire. She has become a whole human being, not a sort of appendage to a man."

"She is still not a man," said the foreign delegate. "Even if she invades your offices and your tennis courts and your law courts—you still have your private empire."

"It is a dwindling one," said the American, "reduced to a few weekend hours when the children are not around."

"Because, my dear fellow, you are always in a hurry," said the foreigner, "and then, you never go home for lunch. It is a big mistake. There is nothing that so unifies the sexes as a leisurely lunch with wine, followed by a siesta."

The American laughed. "You can imagine how much work would get done in the afternoon. And besides, one's wife would be out—at a committee luncheon or something."

THE FOREIGNER cocked his head to one side quizzically as he looked at his colleague. "May I say something more about these magnificent women of yours—and about yourselves?"

"Go ahead."

"It seems to me that there is a strong analogy in the relation of the American public to their government and the American woman to her man."

The American delegate waited.

"I believe," said the foreigner, "that both your public and your women want leadership and that your government and your men are afraid to give it."

"Or incapable?" the American suggested.

"I don't think so. Merely afraid. Afraid of losing votes. Afraid of losing popularity. Look at your delegation here. Why do they seem so diffident? It's as if they always had one ear nervously cocked for the reaction from home. This fear, my dear man, is losing you both your leadership and your women."

"The alternative is a dictatorship."

"Ah no, ah no!" protested the foreigner vehemently. "You must not confuse leadership with dictatorship. To lead is to show the way."

"There is a fine line there—a dangerous one."

"Not in your country," said the other delegate, "and not with your women. The people make their leaders."

"And the women make their men?" asked the American. "Isn't that an admission that both the American people and the American women do not want to be led?"

"No. It is only an admission that you—you American men—do not want to lead. And that is a tragedy."

BOTH MEN looked at the clock and rose. As they parted, the American said, "Tell me, if you were not already married, would you marry an American woman?"

"Heaven forbid!" said the foreigner.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lives, Times, and Fortunes Of Some News Magaziners

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

THE DEATH OF KINGS, by Charles Wertenbaker. *Random House. $3.95.*

IN THIS new novel, Charles Wertenbaker goes to exceptional pains to make clear that he isn't talking about any particular magazine, publisher, or person. The usual one-sentence disclaimer of resemblances to the quick and the dead is here extended to two full paragraphs, although perhaps without proportionate increase in conviction, and *Beacon,* the news magazine around which the story turns, is shown to be in explicit competition with *Time,* while a shadowy reference to a third competitor exonerates *Newsweek.*

This is just as well, for Mr. Wertenbaker portrays some of the most disagreeable people in modern fiction, who, I am happy to add, do not resemble my own friends in this business. However, the reason that Mr. Wertenbaker's people, or most of them, behave so repulsively is of considerable practical importance in our time. Some justification has always been needed for bad manners. Of late it has been high principle that if one is sufficiently committed to the belief that he is exposing the truth, unearthing hyprocrisy or treachery, or simply saving the country, he can view with equanimity actions that would have seemed uncouth to a Visigoth. Mr. Wertenbaker's men take exceptional advantage of this release for their repressed nastiness.

HOWEVER, Mr. Wertenbaker's subject is not the pathology of the common heel, although he contributes importantly to the subject, but the more elevating question of how the intellectual accommodates himself to one kind of modern journalism. His story concerns five competent, idealistic, and moderately ambitious young intellectuals who, in the 1930's, are the top men in a young but coming news magazine. The publisher, Louis Baron, is depicted in those days as a tolerant and liberal though somewhat determined chap, and the organization is small, informal, and democratic.

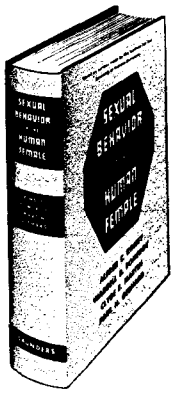
With the passage of years, the war, and the cold war, the enterprise becomes large and bureaucratic; some very New Yorkish Philistines move in to manage the business operations; the publisher becomes increasingly conservative and increasingly settled in his views on what should be done for the Chinese and to the Russians. He also becomes exceedingly alarmed about Communism, which poses some interesting problems in a staff that was recruited in the days when Marxism was in flower, even—or perhaps especially—among the carriage trade.

As might be expected, the boys, who represent a fair cross section of political attitudes of the 1930's—only one seems to have been a devout party member—have a rough time. One gets himself killed in North Africa; one escapes from Communism by way of a sanitarium; one takes the rap for perjury; two end up in the job market, although with a good piece of severance pay. The magazine passes into the hands of those who are conveniently devoid of belief. The story is of the triumph of the faceless and the faithless.

Clashing Cerebral Gears

There can be no doubt that Mr. Wertenbaker has isolated a genuine and wholly contemporary kind of American tragedy. His diagnosis of its causes is also sound. In an ideal world the intellectual—the man whose stock in trade is ideas—would undoubtedly make his living by publishing his own thoughts directly to the consumer. Then if he got out of step with the world, that intelligence would come to him directly

How much should your children know?



That's for you to decide. Certainly the Kinsey Report doesn't tell you.

What the book *does* do is give you a pretty good idea of how people are behaving sexually in America today—and how behavior has changed during the past 50 years.

This information will surely help you to understand your children better, surely help you talk to them more effectively.

By ***Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, Paul H. Gebhard,*** and others at the ***Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University.***

842 pages, $8.00
at your bookseller

Published by W. B. Saunders Company

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the customer. Were he so rejected, there would be no single other human being whom he could blame.

The modern news magazine is, without question, at the other extreme from this Spencerian ideal. Between the writer and the world stands not only a publisher but also a whole hierarchy of editors, reviewers, and censors. The intellectual learns of his own dissonance not from the response (or absence thereof) of a larger public, or even from the executive violence of a publisher whose right to intervene is made explicable by the fact that he owns the business. Rather he gets the word from his immediate superior in the bureaucracy who improves, alters, or suppresses his copy in accordance not with a higher wisdom but with a higher rank.

In a time of changing ideological fashion, which the top command is following or even promoting, it is obvious that there will be a great deal of remeshing and clashing of the cerebral gears all through the machine. This is especially true if there is an urge—which was very strong on *Beacon*—not only to tell the reader the news but to be firm with him on what he should think about it.

It is hardly worth saying that the result is some singularly profound personal hatreds, some highly aggravated neuroses, and a certain number of personal tragedies.

That is the system of which Mr. Wertenbaker's boys were the victims. If I interpret him correctly, his disposition is to divide the blame among the arrangement itself, a larger environment that is given to great swings in political faith and fashion, and a publisher who accepts and exaggerates the latter. This seems proper, but it may be that more of the fault lies with his heroes than he implies.

The Total Commitment

The besetting sin of the news magazine in our time is not its politics or its point of view but its dreadful certainty. Its readers, fortunately, seem to have developed a certain immunity which keeps them from adjusting their lives to the disasters or the millennia which are foreseen fifty-two times a year. It is far less certain that those who do the writing have developed a similar detachment.

This seems to me an important source of difficulty for Mr. Wertenbaker's unfortunates. Week by week and year by year they seem to have been not only deeply involved with destiny but also overpersuaded as to its current shape. When they are caught up by the idea of the Revolution, the New Deal, the war, or the postwar threat of Communism, or of the witch hunt, they are caught up completely. They seem never to have allowed themselves any doubts.

The total commitment to the moment has an interesting parallel in the phenomenal love affairs of Mr. Wertenbaker's people. In the top echelons of *Beacon,* wives were exchanged with a frequency which must have made it hard at times for some of the overburdened editors to remember what apartment to go home to at night. However, there was nothing casual about this horizontal Paul Jones. Each affair touched the very wellsprings of devout passion. No one ever allowed himself to think that with time the passion—even as General MacArthur's grip on history—might just fade away.

I may do Mr. Wertenbaker a mild injustice, but I think he admires his people for this depth of commitment. I do not. Presumably an intellectual should be intelligent, and intelligence suggests that no faith can be quite total. There ought to be some reservations, some room for new evidence. If his boys hadn't gone overboard for Marx, the New Deal, or for the liberal Louis Baron, they might have been both happier and more useful in the longer run.

The Tyranny of Virtue, The Emptiness of Tolerance

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

ROGER WILLIAMS: HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE AMERICAN TRADITION, by Perry Miller. *Bobbs-Merrill. $3.*

WE MAY be truer to the heroes of our past if, while we remember their faith, we forget their slogans. A man's specific words and acts are bound to the conditions of his time; the attempt to follow them in another age may serve purposes which would have been entirely foreign, and maybe repugnant, to the man in whose name the attempt is made. One wonders, for example, about some of those who now, after a century and a half of industrial and political revolution, call themselves "Jeffersonian" Democrats.

Or take Roger Williams. Some modern scholars see him as a liberal individualist and "irrepressible democrat." V. L. Parrington, searching around in the dim, early days of "crabbed theology" for *someone* he could be enthusiastic about, pounced on Williams and, in effect, made him the first progressive. The panegyric in Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* says Williams was "A child of light," "A humane and liberal spirit," "a democrat," "a Leveler"; he was "convinced that society with its caste institutions dealt unjustly with the common man," and "spent his life freely in the cause of humanity"; perhaps best of all, he was "primarily a political philosopher rather than a theologian."

Some Baptists and religious-liberty groups often make Williams still more specifically useful for modern purposes; he was the "prophet of religious freedom," and he first enunciated that "absolute principle" of an "impregnable wall" of separation between church and state which, these groups insist, we should vigilantly maintain today with all the political weapons at our command.

Two questions arise about these pictures of a hero of our past: How

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

true are they as history? What fraction of that truth is really applicable to modern conditions?

The Allegorical Key

Perry Miller's new book answers the first of these questions about Roger Williams and by implication helps answer the second. Mr. Miller gently explains, in his own words and by reprinting major parts of Williams's work in readable form, that Williams was a man of the seventeenth century, not the twentieth; a Calvinist and not the kind of "seeker" who shed the dogmas Parrington did not like; a defender of religious liberty only in terms of a now antiquated theory of Biblical interpretation and not in terms of modern liberalism.

But Mr. Miller is not at all debunking Williams; he is not playing the intellectual's game of being one up on the prevailing interpretation. He is not using the "it-really-isn't so" gambit, popular with professors who would shock their students into wakefulness. This kind of thing may be as much a false modernization as what it supplants: Where the admirers use modern categories to find their hero fulfilling them, the detractors use modern categories to show how he fails to fulfill them. Mr. Miller avoids either kind of modernizing; he helps us to look at Roger Williams in his historical place.

If Mr. Miller's book does have just a touch of one-upmanship of its own, it is of the scholarly kind which insists it has the one crucial "key" by which this man's ideas may be properly understood. This move may be a bit too neat and conceptual; it may assume that great men have been as intellectual, as consistent, and as clear as biographers and students wish them to have been. But in this case it does make plain how different Roger Williams's ideas were from modern liberal ones.

The answer to the first question about these modern pictures of Williams appears to be that they are indeed modern; they impute to him certain positions which were never his.

But as to the second question, returning Roger Williams to his time does not make him irrelevant to our time. It changes the nature of his relevance. He dealt with different institutions, with different problems, in a different language. His relevance for our times rests not in the immediate circumstances but in the way he dealt with those circumstances.

'Absolute Separation'

On the complex problems of church-state relations, for example, he no longer appears just as the heroic spokesman of the simple, absolute modern position which insists on meticulously untouchable relations between church and state. His position was related to his time; it was more complex than that of today's "impregnable-wall" people; and it was more concerned with the nature of faith than with institutional relationships.

Roger Williams appears in the pages of Mr. Miller's book as one who knew that the times had a way of changing. He often used against his opponents a how-would-it-be-with-the-shoe-on-the-other-foot type of argument. (". . . I conceive Mr. Cotton himself, were he seated in old England again, would not count it a mercy to be banished from the civil state. . . .") Well, times have changed again, and drastically, and the shoe is indeed on the other foot. Baptists are no longer hunted groups of peasants in Europe or odd outfits in the cast-off Providence Plantations, but powers in the South and big denominations in the North, with more followers than the Protestant groups that once despised them, with wealth and world-wide organization and a lobby in Washington—to work, of course, for separation of church and state. Secular creeds, then unthinkable, are now the dominant religions of the land. And church and state have changed drastically, too. Church and state *are* separate, and have been for a century and a half. The state organizes a great part of our life, and particularly handles almost all education. The church, which then limited the franchise and ran the schools and used the civil power to punish heresy, is now a peripheral institution.

In this different situation, the "absolute separation of church and state" may serve purposes very different from those which Williams would recognize.

It may, for example, give church folk further encouragement, on top of that already abundantly provided by certain squalid aspects of politics, to view the "state" as an evil and a threat, impure in essence, with which the church and all right-thinking people will have nothing whatsoever to do.

Tidelands Oil and Religion

To choose another example, not exactly at random, it may lead people otherwise favorable to the use of funds from the oil on the outer continental shelf for aid to education to oppose an amendment to that effect—because it does not eliminate the possibility that some of the funds might go to Roman Catholic schools.

Opponents of the "social action" of the churches find the "absolute principle" useful. With a constant and inevitable use of the verb

LINGUAPHONE for LANGUAGES

Learn another language AT HOME as easily, naturally as you learned English long before you went to school. It's like living in another land. With Linguaphone, World's Standard Conversational Method, you LISTEN—you hear native men and women speak with a 1954 vocabulary — YOU understand — YOU SPEAK—You learn to read and write.

French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese Norwegian

—29 Languages available

Used internationally by schools, colleges, governments and business firms for personnel training. Over a million home-study students of all ages. Send for FREE BOOK, "Passport to a New World of Opportunity," or call for FREE Demonstration.

LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
157-03 RCA Building, N. Y. 20, N. Y. CI 7-0829

the audio exchange exchanges audio
the audio exchange exchanges audio
the audio exchange exchanges audio
the audio exchange exchanges audio

Information on trading HI-FI components on request. Write or call for free catalog RE

the audio exchange exchanges audio

the audio exchange inc.
159-19 Hillside Avenue • Jamaica 32, N. Y.
OLympia 8-0445

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

If you are looking for a publisher send for our free, illustrated booklet titled *To the Author in Search of a Publisher*. It tells how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of other writers. All subjects considered. New authors welcomed. Write today for Booklet R. It's free.

VANTAGE PRESS, Dept. R, 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif., 6356 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"meddle," they say that any serious examination of the social and political meaning of religious teaching violates the separation of church and state. Apparently they prefer the covert influence of a private and individual religion, which by plain implication gives its blessing to the status quo.

Or the "impregnable wall" principle may serve as a weapon in the power struggle of organized religious groups. An organization with an ungainly title, Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, is powerfully exercised now about "countless breaches" in the "wall" between church and state. The organization in its manifesto specifically states that it is not anti-Catholic, but a reading of its literature demonstrates why it was necessary for it to make that defensive claim: It seems chiefly interested in building that impregnable barrier as a retaining wall against the Roman Catholic Church.

For its task of wall building and breach mending it has enlisted the support of Masons, a humanist association, an ethical society, Seventh-Day Adventists, Christian Scientists, Fundamentalists, and public-education people, but the initiative for this combination is said to have come from Roger Williams's followers, the Baptists. The chief appeal is not, however, to Williams and the Bible but to the Founding Fathers and the Constitution. Something does seem to be awry when a large segment of Protestantism finds its chief revelation in the First Amendment and its chief prophet in Jefferson, and when, in a faithless and troubled time like ours, the clearest and most exciting message of the whole of Protestanism seems to be that America should not send an ambassador to the Vatican.

Most important of all, the "absolute principle" may help to establish a "religion" after all, a secular national faith. When historic religions are shut off from the main stream of education and much of organized life, a new faith may grow up on the other side of that impregnable wall. The formal doctrines of this faith may be "moral and spiritual values," "democracy," or "the American way of life." But these worthy objects of veneration, uprooted from concrete religious traditions, may not in their generalized and platitudinous form make a very compelling religion. Indeed, these strange results of the "absolute principle"—results serving right-wing politics, the defensive warfare of religious institutions, and the evaporation of historic faith—seem quite far from anything intended by the Roger Williams we meet in Mr. Miller's book.

For Roger Williams religious liberty was not a faith in itself but a condition of true faith. He opposed

Roger Williams

the use of the civil power for religious ends not because he was indifferent or hostile to religion but because he was profoundly religious. His position was not our shoulder-shrugging "tolerance," which is offended when anyone takes religion seriously; he took the transcendent object of faith still more seriously than his opponents. He was not trying to protect the state from the divisive or pernicious effects of religion, but rather trying to protect faith from absolute identification with prevailing interpretations and institutions.

'It Is Too Easy for Us'

To a land which tends to regard religion as a secondary and private affair that should never challenge the more basic common faith or intrude upon the public arena, perhaps Roger Williams's significance is not in his defense of religious liberty but in his deep and religious reasons for that defense. It is too easy for us, who have little if any interest in the problem of religious truth, to favor "religious liberty" and claim to protect it with an "absolute principle." It is not so easy for a man who really believes in the distinction between true and false, and for whom religion is the central and not a minor part of life. Yet Roger Williams defended religious liberty more profoundly than we because he was sensitive at once to the claims of liberty and the claims of truth. His defense of religious liberty grew out of what he saw of that truth. But it was not by an "absolute principle," an external, final solution, that he defended it.

Mr. Miller's book is part of a "Makers of the American Tradition" series whose purpose is to assess their "Contribution to the American Tradition." Mr. Miller finds Williams's contribution to be that "all later righteous men would be tormented . . . until they learned to accept his basic thesis, that virtue gives them no right to impose on others their own definitions. . . .

"He attacked the political pedant and the textual literalist, not because they are evil men . . . but because they do not recognize the true nature of freedom. They lose the essential in the circumstantial, and so deceive themselves into making of their virtue an instrument of tyranny. . . ." This self-deception may still occur.

Perhaps Williams's relevance to us lies in his refusal "to identify the Christian vision with worldly appearances, with . . . any political order," rather than in a particular political order some find in him. Maybe it is his insight that "freedom is a condition of the spirit" which applies still to our present efforts to maintain religious freedom, and calls into question any too simple identification of freedom with impregnable walls and absolute principles. Roger Williams seems to be not the heroic father of our slogans but the profound critic of our faith.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE TO RETIRE TODAY —AND ENJOY IT

by Norman D. Ford

If there is anything I have found out in traveling up and down this country and throughout the rest of the world, it is this: It costs less to retire than you may think it does—*provided you know how to discover those places where it costs less to live the kind of life you like.*

As founder of the Globetrotters Club I made it my business to find low-cost beauty spots all over the world. Right here in the U. S., I found places where the cost of living is surprisingly low—and you can get a part-time or seasonal job if you must pad out your income. Here are just a few of them.

Do you know where to find

- the greatest retirement bargain in Florida?
- the most beautiful town in all California?
- the three top-notch retirement towns in the Southwest?
- the only place in America where university experts have found the most healthful climate in the world?
- that marvelous Maine island, where it's 10-15 degrees warmer in winter than on the mainland, and living costs are so low they attract many who otherwise could not afford to retire?
- a health spa, with wonderful facilities for recreation, surrounded by a national park?
- the ideal island for retirement in the South with cool summers and warm winters?
- the most "cultural" small town in America, with a Little Theatre, art and music clubs, a cosmopolitan atmosphere?

Of course, these are only a handful of the hundreds of beauty spots, hideaways, and larger communities in the U. S., where you can retire now on little money and enjoy yourself completely.

And in the rest of the world, there are hundreds more besides. Just a few of them:

NORMAN D. FORD

Mr. Ford has helped thousands to find the right place to retire on their present income. Hundreds come to him for advice. Typical letters:

Could you suggest a quiet, modest and inexpensive seacoast town with a good beach and fishing where I could retire within 100 miles of New York City?

Is it possible to buy a rural 5-room cottage on an acre of ground near the southern Gulf Coast of Florida for $3000?

Where can I find a clean, friendly city with a climate that's mild and it's sunny the year around?

I have a highly strung, nervous type of constitution; I also suffer from pleurisy. I would like to retire in a medium-sized city with plenty of cultural opportunity. What can you suggest?

Is it true that you can live like a king in Majorca for less than $35 a week for two? How do you reach Majorca?

Do you know of any city in Mexico where prices have not risen, and I can find other retired Americans?

The facts to answer these typical questions and hundreds more are given in Norman D. Ford's wonderful books. *Where to Retire on a Small Income and Bargain Paradises of the World.*

- *The Azores or the Canaries*—tropical flowers, sandy beaches, and the charm of Old Spain are combined here—with rents of about $20 a month, groceries for a couple at $10 a week, and servants $5 a month each.
- *The lotus-covered mountain lakes of Kashmir*, where a furnished houseboat with four turbanned servants rents for $70 a month. Total costs for a couple run about $175 a month —in the most beautiful spot on earth.
- *The South Seas?* Tahiti has found out about the Yankee dollar. But there's brilliant Sigatoka Beach at Suva or reef-grit Norfolk or Lord Howe Island, the Bargain Paradises of the South Seas today.

So I say again—you can retire now, while still young enough to enjoy it—if you know where it costs less to live the kind of life you like.

(In the next column, read about two books by Norman D. Ford which tell you just this.)

TO RETIRE YOUNG ENOUGH TO ENJOY IT

read these books by Norman D. Ford

WHERE TO RETIRE ON A SMALL INCOME

This book selects out of the hundreds of thousands of communities in the U. S. and its island territories only those places where living costs are less, where the surroundings are pleasant, and where nature and the community get together to guarantee a good time from fishing, boating, gardening, concerts, or the like. The book never overlooks the fact that some people must get part-time or seasonal work to pad out their incomes.

It covers cities, towns and farms throughout America—from New England south to Florida, west to California and north to the Pacific Northwest. It includes Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the American Virgin Islands. Some people spend hundreds of dollars trying to get information like this by traveling around the country. Frequently they fail—there is just too much of America to explore.

Where to Retire on a Small Income saves you from that danger. Yet the big 1954 edition costs only $1.

BARGAIN PARADISES OF THE WORLD

This is a book on how to double what your money can buy. For that is what spending a few weeks or months, or even retiring, in the world's Bargain Paradises amounts to.

Throughout you learn where to spend a while in the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, the heathful islands of the South Seas, the wonderlands of New Zealand, the Balearic Islands, the Canaries, Madeira, etc.

You read about "Lands of Eternal Springtime," "Californias Abroad," "Islands in the Wind," "Four Modern Shangri-Las," about mountain hideaways, tropical islands as colorful as Tahiti but nearer home, about modern cities where you can live for less, about quiet country lands and surf-washed coastal resorts.

About 100 photos, 4 maps. 1954 edition. Price $1.50.

Mail this coupon for prompt delivery

***Mail to* HARIAN PUBLICATIONS**
62 Wilson Parkway . . . .
Greenlawn (L. I.) N. Y.

I have enclosed $_____ (cash, check, money order). Please send me the books I checked below.

_____ Bargain Paradises of the World, $1.50
_____ Where to Retire on a Small Income $1
_____ Special offer: both books above, $2.50 value, for $2

Print name_____

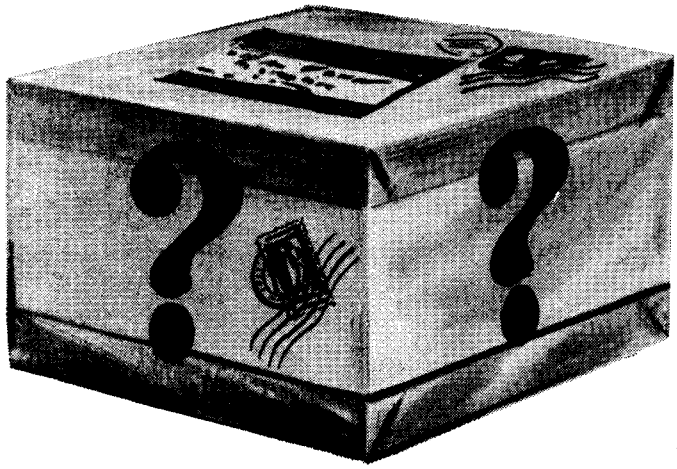
Address_____

City & State_____

DIGITIZED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Free Mystery Gift Worth About $5

Mailed to Your Home From A Foreign Land



As a Special Inducement Now for Joining the

SHOP-THE-WORLD CLUB

Yes, you may have *free* a fascinating Mystery Gift direct from abroad! Open it to discover a superb gift, worth about $5.00 or more, made by skilled master craftsmen in a far-off land. Where will it come from? What will it be? That's part of the thrill of membership—mail the coupon and see!

A Treasure Package Mailed to You Every Month From Another Land

Have you ever received a package from the Austrian Tyrol? Or far-off Tibet? From Paris, London, or even Bangkok? If not, a unique thrill awaits you when you open your first Treasure Package from abroad . . . when you and your family gather 'round to examine the foreign markings, the strange stamps, the exotic words in a language you may never even have heard before! Sometimes your Package will come from the centers of sophistication you've been longing to visit; other times, from a primitive community you may never even have heard of! No corner of the globe is too remote. Wherever an exciting treasure is to be found, the Shop-The-World Club's representatives are on the scene. When you join this unique Club, the whole globe becomes your market-place!

How Are Rare Treasures Like These Discovered?

Right now, even as you read this page, the Club's professional shoppers are searching out new treasures to thrill you. A team of shoppers may be in an obscure Alpine village, arranging for the exclusive purchase of all the woodwork masterpieces the native master-craftsmen can produce . . . or bargaining skillfully in an exotic Syrian bazaar . . . or negotiating in an elegant Parisian atelier with a dollar-short *parfumeur*. Remember, these shoppers are experts. They can't be fooled with "tourist-bait". Every item is rigorously screened for quality, price, and value. Only those gifts are finally selected that the most discriminating and selective connoisseur would be proud to display in his own home.

And with every Treasure Package, you get the full story behind the treasure . . . how it was discovered . . . how it was made . . . the fascinating, little-known facts about the customs and people in the corner of the world it comes from. Yes, a complete Brochure accompanies every wonderful Treasure Package. It's worth joining the Club just to get these fascinating Brochures!

No Dues! No Risk! Membership is Free!

That's right. You pay no dues of any kind for membership in the Shop-The-World Club. You pay only for what you actually get: the wonderful Treasure Package you receive from abroad each month. And that's all you pay for! No duties! No postage! Every Treasure Package is guaranteed to be worth at least double our price . . . often much, much more. You must be thrilled and delighted with your free Mystery Gift *and* the first Treasure Package or you may keep them *both* and receive a full refund of your full subscription price. And that's not all. If at any time during your membership you want to discontinue . . . *for any reason whatsoever* . . . you may cancel your subscription and the unused portion of your payment will be refunded! You risk absolutely nothing.

Act Now, and Receive a Thrilling MYSTERY GIFT—FREE!

Act **immediately** to receive a wonderful MYSTERY GIFT from abroad FREE for joining. Membership for 3 months is only $7.50 . . . brings you 3 additional superb gifts from abroad; 6 months, only $13.00 . . . you save $2.00; 12 months, $24.50 . . . you save a full $5.50. Simply select the membership term in which you are interested and enclose your remittance. But don't put it off! Mail the coupon TODAY!

Mail Coupon Now

SHOP-THE-WORLD CLUB, INC., Dept. 520
668 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Member and send me, FREE, the "Mystery Gift" direct to my home from another continent, postage-paid and duty-free. Also, start sending me each month your latest gift-from-abroad, to be shipped direct to me from the country of its origin. I am enclosing my remittance to cover the cost of the term of membership I have indicated below. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied with both my FREE "Mystery Gift" *and* my first regular monthly gift, I may keep *both* and you will refund my payment in FULL, promptly and cheerfully.

☐ 3 months—$7.50 ☐ 6 months—$13.00 (you save $2.00) ☐ 12 months—$24.50 (you save $5.50)

I enclose remittance for $.....

MY NAME .....
(Please Print)

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....ZONE .....STATE .....

(NOTE: The U. S. Post Office Department charges a service fee of 15¢ for delivering foreign packages, which is collected by your postman and *cannot be prepaid for you by us*).

SHOP-THE-WORLD CLUB 668 FIFTH AVENUE, Dept. 520, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

PUBLIC DOMAIN 2004 BY LMU/CDRC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED